The Boy Globe Trotters

FROM TOKIO TO BOMBAY

By Elbert Fisher

THE BOY GLOBE TROTTERS SERIES

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BY

ELBERT FISHER

ILLUSTRATED

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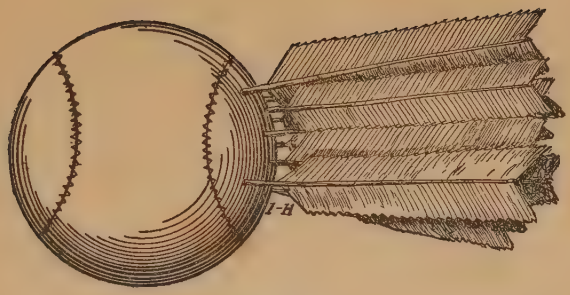


FROM TOKIO TO BOMBAY

CHAPTER I

FROM JAPAN TO CHINA

"Wait, Stanwood; before going aboard we must see whether our things from Tokio and San Francisco are here," said Winfield.

"I had forgotten that. Suppose they haven't come?"

"Then we must wait here until the next boat."

"That will be too bad."

Together they ran over to an officer who was patrolling the dock, and inquired where baggage addressed to those on board might be found.

"Do you see the second door to the right? That is the place," he answered.

They entered and asked the clerk in charge for letters and packages. "I believe we have quite an assortment here for you," he replied.

They found several packages, besides the one

they had shipped at Tokio, and also six letters, one in a long envelope.

"Wait until we get aboard," said Stanwood. "We must see the boys on the ship before anything else is done."

They carried the things to the gangway, and were soon at the entrance of the purser's office, where that official and Mr. Collins were found.

They recognized the boys at once, and greeted them with a great deal of enthusiasm. A little later Mr. Munroe came in. "So you are coming back on the job again?" he said with a smile.

"What was the trouble at Tokio?" asked Mr. Collins.

"We were stranded out in the country, by a broken jinrickisha, and returned just in time to see you steaming down the bay."

"And what have you been doing in the meantime?"

"We made a trip through Japan on foot most of the way."

"Through Japan on foot, eh? Well, that was quite a trip."

"Yes; we went from Tokio to the sacred mountain, Fujiyama; then to Nagoya and Ozaka, and took a run over to Kioto and down to Nara," said Winfield.

"Well, you certainly took in the interesting places," said Mr. Munroe. "If I had given you advice as to the route to follow I should have picked out the very cities you named; but it is too bad you didn't take a trip on the Inland Sea."

"Inland Sea? Indeed we did. We met some American friends,"—and Stanwood stopped short for a moment; "why yes, you know Mr. Carter and his wife; they were passengers from San Francisco to Tokio. Well, we met them at Okayama, and they took us over a hundred miles through the best part of the Sea."

"Then you must have been in Kobe too?" said Mr. Collins.

"Yes; we stayed there a day," replied Winfield. "They took us to Hiroshima, and then down to within a hundred miles from Shimonosek. Wasn't that a treat?"

"You must have enjoyed it, indeed," said Mr. Munroe.

"Yes, we enjoyed every hour of the time," said Stanwood; but Winfield raised his hand, and moved his head to one side, and pursed his lips.

"I mean about all the time," continued Stanwood, "except when we had the accident on the train and were washed away. There wasn't much fun in that."

"So that accounts for the suits you have on?" said Mr. Collins. "Yes; we got these outfits from some Americans in Saga. We were dripping wet when we got out of the river."

"We'd like to hear about it," said Mr. Munroe. The boys recounted their experiences, and the men were intensely interested in the recital.

The foregoing conversation took place aboard the *Shinyo Maru,* the trans-Pacific steamer plying

between San Francisco and Hong Kong, while lying in the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan.

The vessel was now on its way to Hong Kong, and this city was a port of call. The boys, Stanwood Bailey and Winfield Merritt, two Americans from New York, had secured positions and shipped on the vessel at San Francisco, the previous trip, and landed at Yokohama.

Intent on visiting in the interior, some distance from that city they met with an accident which prevented them from sailing on to Hong Kong, as they had intended, and the question then presented itself whether to wait until the next boat or to make a trip westward through the Empire.

After deciding on the latter course, they set out on foot and had an interesting series of events, the course of the trip having been described in the foregoing conversation.

It might be well also briefly to allude to the conditions under which they were making the present tour, as it will explain some of the features of interest which presented themselves on the journey.

The determination to encircle the globe was the result of a banter, on the part of a friend, living near their home in New York. The boys were reading about a banker's son, who was compelled to make a test of a year's traveling without once returning home, the express conditions being that he must do so on his regular allowance.

The boys declared they could travel around the world, and do it without any money or allowance, merely by working their way from place to place.

Accordingly their friend made a proposition, which was finally entered into, in the form of an agreement, that he would deposit two thousand dollars in a bank, conditioned on their starting from New York with not exceeding forty dollars and make the trip without staying more than two weeks at any point, or acquiring over twenty dollars at any place, and that they should not accept charity, or depend on favors, to take them from place to place.

When they arrived in Nagasaki, as stated, they were delighted to find the *Shinyo Maru* coming into the harbor, and then learned that during the time they were going through Japan the vessel had sailed to Hong Kong, returned to San Francisco, and was now again on the way back to Hong Kong.

The employment of the boys on board the ship at San Francisco provided that they were each to have ten dollars wages after arriving at Hong Kong, and, therefore, it may be understood why the sight of the vessel in the harbor and the added information that she was on the way to Hong Kong, was such a source of joy to them.

As soon as they completed the tales of their journeyings, Winfield said: "I hope we can go on to Hong Kong with you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Collins. "You know it is one of the rules of seamen to take care of shipwrecked sailors," and he smiled at the boys, while they showed their appreciation, and thanked him for his courtesy.

"Yes," he continued; "I think you can take the

same cabins you occupied before. I don't believe they are in use."

"Thank you for that," said Stanwood. "If you have no objections we will go there and put on our uniforms."

"Yes; we shall sail in about eight hours. In the meantime I suppose you can use both of them in your department, eh?" said Mr. Collins, addressing Mr. Munroe.

"Indeed I can," was the response.

After reaching the cabin they were eager to open the letters, as since leaving Pittsburg nothing had been heard from home.

"Open the big envelope first," said Stanwood. Winfield slitted it impatiently, drawing out two imposing documents and opened them.

"These are the passports," said Winfield. "Don't the pictures look great?"

"How did we happen to get through Japan without being asked for it once?" said Stanwood. Mr. Munroe passed at that moment, and Stanwood hailed him.

"Here are our passports; just received this mail. Why, we didn't have any trouble in Japan."

"Of course not," said Mr. Munroe. "The customs officers didn't question you, as you were members of the crew."

"Oh, I see," said Stanwood.

Then the other letters received their attention. There were two from Mr. Castleton, telling them about the various bits of news that gradually drifted to New York from the course of their

travels, the last letter being written just about the time they landed at Yokohama

Mrs. Bailey, Stanwood's aunt, had written twice, and in the last letter showed considerable alarm, as she had heard of the exploits of the boys at Reno and also learned from the papers about the exciting episode when they reached San Francisco, in which a maniac was involved.

The two other letters were from boy friends, both of which had interesting newspaper clippings enclosed. They had time to glance only briefly over the contents of the articles, because of the feeling that their first duty was to the officers of the ship.

"These will make good reading in the evening," said Winfield.

"How good these uniforms feel," said Stanwood, as he viewed himself in the mirror, and gave his hair a final brush.

Both reported to Mr. Munroe, and he put them to work, which they relished, as they needed some change in their daily life after the experiences of the past month. They fairly sang and danced about in their joy, whenever an opportunity offered between the strenuous periods of the work.

The ship sailed that evening, and went out of the harbor as the sun was sinking. Shortly after eight o'clock the boys were free, and repaired to their cabin.

"I did enjoy that work today," said Winfield.

"So did I; it was a change after the days and days of traveling; of course, that was nice, too;

but, after all, it gets to be tiring," responded Stanwood.

"Now, we might look over our accounts, and see what we have on hand," said Winfield, and he drew out his purse which contained a damp mass of paper money, and some silver. This was counted over.

"Well," he said. "How much do you suppose I have left?" he asked.

"About twenty-five dollars," answered Stanwood.

"More than that; in the paper bills I have fifty-two yen, and in silver, four yen and forty sen; that makes,—let me see, $28.20."

"I am ahead of you," said Stanwood. "See this? There, I count eighty-three yen in bills, and eight yen and twelve sen in silver, making $45.56 altogether."

"Of course, you've got more than I have; but I didn't have a burglar to help me," said Winfield with a laugh.

"Well, seventy-three, seventy-six isn't so bad," said Stanwood, "and twenty more coming when we get to Hong Kong."

"Yes; I'd forgotten about that; but they might dock us for part of the wages," added Winfield.

"That is so; we oughtn't to count on that too much," said Stanwood, on reflection.

The distance from Nagasaki to Shanghai, the first Chinese port, is 450 miles, so that the time is about one day. They would, therefore, reach

that city the following evening, where the ship would remain until the next day.

An unexpected storm during the night considerably retarded the speed of the vessel, so that it was long past midnight of the following day before they reached the outer harbor, called Woosung, fourteen miles from Shanghai itself.

Before retiring for the night Mr. Munroe called and said: "In order to go to the city we must take a train, and one and a half hour's run will take us in. I think I shall take a day off, myself, and accompany you, if you would like to make the trip."

The boys jumped at the chance. "By all means," said Stanwood. "It will be splendid to have you along. How long can we stay there?" asked Winfield.

"I was going to suggest that if we can get up and take the first train, which leaves here at six in the morning, then have breakfast after arriving there, it will enable us to start out at eight, or a little after, and that will give us until two o'clock in the afternoon, which will be the last train on which we could return," said Mr. Munroe.

"We are certainly glad to have the opportunity," said Winfield.

They were awake at five o'clock in the morning, and dressed without much delay, and to their surprise Mr. Munroe was also dressed, when they appeared at his cabin at twenty minutes past five.

"Why, hello! Up and ready as early as this? Probably the cook has something on hand; come

along. That will save us some time when we get to the city."

The deck hands were already at breakfast, and it did not take the waiters long to make places for Mr. Munroe and the boys. Within ten minutes of six o'clock they were out of the dock and entered the waiting train.

After boarding the train Stanwood said: "That must be the mouth of a big river where we landed. Do you know what it is?"

"Yes; that is the Yang-tse-Yang, one of the largest rivers in the world, three thousand five hundred miles long."

"That's a funny name, and this is the first time I ever heard it pronounced that way," said Stanwood.

"It's very easy; simply say *Yang*-sicky-*Yang*, and you'll get it all right. The word means 'Son-of-the-Sea.' The largest ocean vessels are able to go to Hankow, over six hundred miles from here."

The train proceeded very leisurely, the speed not exceeding ten miles an hour. The sights on both sides of the train were very curious; the people interested them particularly, but the boys had no time for many questions.

Without exception all of the Chinamen wore coats with flowing sleeves, and a sort of wide trousers. "Yes," said Mr. Munroe, as Winfield commented on this. "The Chinaman as a general thing, has only two garments; the wide trousers, and the loosely fitting coat, or jacket. He thinks all other articles of clothing are luxuries."

"But how is it in the winter? or doesn't it get cold here?"

"Indeed, it does get cold. In that case he simply adds another, and then wears a kind of club shoe, or felt slipper."

"But don't they wear underclothing, or socks, and things like that?"

"Rarely, if ever. When they go to foreign places they acquire the customs of the different countries in that respect; but here you will see them with nothing but the two garments."

There are few Chinese children throughout the United States. They may be found in certain sections, but very few people have had an opportunity of seeing them, and to the boys it was an unusual sight to observe the little fellows in their native homes, or playing by the wayside.

The children wore a single garment, a combination union suit, made without any trimmings. The women wore the same kind of garments as the men, only their outfits were embellished by decorations, which distinguished them, and they wore their hair differently from the men.

The men wore the queue, or "pig-tail," as it has been called, and this, of course, was the great distinguishing mark between them and the women.

"I think the pig tails are funny things to have," said Winfield. "For my part, I never could see what the object was in wearing the hair in that way?"

"That is the custom of the country. At the close of the eighteenth century it was the custom

throughout Europe to wear the hair in that way, and in early times, it was done in this country among the fashionable; so that after all, the custom should not be regarded as odd."

"No, I suppose not," answered Winfield. "But I think it is peculiar about their clothing."

"Not when you stop to think that much of our clothing is of no particular use, and merely for show. Now, for instance, of what use is the tie, as we wear it? A collar is put on, and a tie wrapped around it and tied in front. It is of no use except by way of ornamentation, and it may be doubted whether the present stiff collar is of any value, as an article of clothing."

Everywhere along the route, where the children were in sight, and where games were being played, was a sort of football that, owing to the peculiar character of the ball, attracted their attention.

"Are they playing foot-ball there?" asked Stanwood, after they had noticed it several times.

"No; that is shuttle-cock. That might be called the universal game for boys in China."

"Well, they kick it just the same as we play foot-ball," responded Winfield.

"So they do. Do you know anything about the game called shuttle-cock and battle-dore?"

"No; not much."

"It is played with a cork, or head of some material, in which is stuck a lot of feathers, at one end. The battle-dore is a bat, used to strike the shuttle-cock, and the players knock it from one to the other. Now notice, when we come to the

next set who are playing, and you will see that they use the shuttle-cock, but kick the shuttle-cock instead of batting it."

"Isn't it made in an odd way?" remarked Stanwood. "It seems to be pretty large for cork."

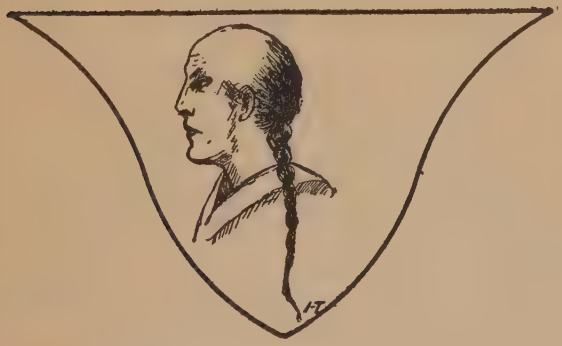
"Oh, that's not made of cork. It is stuffed with seaweed, and has a leather covering, something like a regular foot-ball."

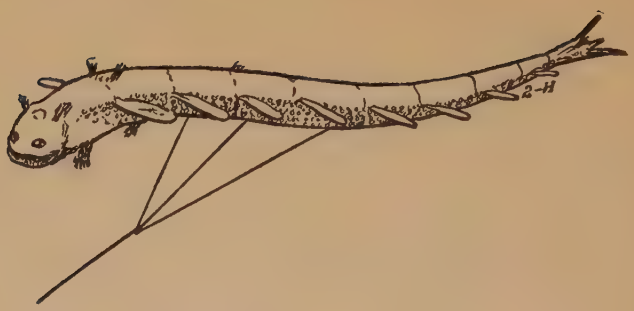
"Now, there's one; what is that sticking out behind?"

"Feathers; just the same as the shuttle-cock."

"It looks to me as though they play the game just like our foot-ball," said Winfield.

"They do," was the reply.





CHAPTER II

KITE-FLYING IN CHINA

Shanghai was reached in due time, and after walking along the station, Mr. Munroe suggested that the easiest plan would be to engage jinrickishas, which would take them to the various places of interest quickly and at much less expense than any other mode of conveyance.

"I wonder what the charge is?" asked Stanwood.

"Ridiculously small," said Mr. Munroe.

"This fellow has a card," said Winfield. "Here it is; the charges are given. One-quarter hour, 5 cents; one-half, 10 cents; one hour, 15 cents. That's plain enough."

"We ought to take it for an hour, at least, and then get another one; in that way we will be likely to get fresh runners," said Mr. Munroe.

Three of the men were hailed, for while there were vehicles about which held two passengers it was thought advisable to use the singles.

"Now, where shall we go?" asked Winfield.

"Well, there are so many things to see that it is hard to pick out the most interesting objects. The city is known throughout the east as the 'Paris of China,' and it is unfortunate that we cannot see it at night. I think the first thing to visit should be the Loongwha Pagoda."

"What are the Pagodas; and what were they built for?" asked Winfield.

"They are Temples, or Idol-houses; all are of a sacred character, and the word means, in Chinese, 'precious pile or tower.'"

"Are all made in that shape?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes; they are all made in the form of tall pyramids, and the curious thing about it is, that they are uniformly built with an odd number of stories. This one which we shall visit has seventeen, as you will notice."

"What is the reason that these Pagodas are made in the same shape as the pyramids of Egypt?"

"Herodotus, a great Greek historian, said that the ancients regarded the pyramid as emblematical of life. That man starts out in life with a wide base, and then gradually tapers down to nothing."

The Pagoda, as viewed from a distance, is not so imposing but when standing at the base its outline gives an impression of grandeur. Within the view is magnificent, the entire lower portion being one vast auditorium, but so divided up into sacred precincts, that the visitor may wander for hours from one point of interest to the other.

The feature of all these structures is in the character of the God which is exhibited by the idol that the temple contains. Here, even to a greater extent than in Japan, the worship is Buddhism. The religion was taken from China to Japan, where in the earliest days it had to combat with Shintoism.

Returning from the Pagoda they passed one of the libraries and the boys were surprised when they learned what it was. "I didn't know the Chinese had enough books, nor that the people read enough to have such a library," remarked Winfield.

"On the other hand," replied Mr. Munroe, "they have over 20,000 well-known novels, and when you consider that to learn the written language of the Chinese is almost a life-long task, you can understand that such a display of literature is very creditable to them."

Near the Library were numerous book stalls, most of them having Chinese books. "We might stop for a moment, just to glance at the books," said Mr. Munroe. "I never tire looking at the quaint volumes. Here is a curiosity; it is a book of portraits,—that is, copies of their famous prints."

"What funny pictures," said Stanwood.

"They are curious, indeed," answered Mr. Munroe.

"What awfully black pictures they are."

"Yes; that is one of the things that I wanted to point out. Notice all these pictures. They are meant to portray the leading theatrical stars. In

all of them you will observe one individual, who is black."

"Yes; that is what attracted me."

"That is always the villain, in their pictures. The hero is that fine, serene-looking man, and the heroine always can be told because she is made more beautiful than the other men."

The boys laughed aloud. Mr. Munroe smiled, as he continued: "They do look amusing, I must admit."

"Well, I was laughing because you said the heroine was always more beautiful than the other *men,*" said Stanwood.

"That was right. There are no women on the stage. A man takes the part of the heroine, as, indeed of all the other female characters."

"Well, I must say that the pictures don't look right to me, for some reason," added Winfield.

"No; because you are used to seeing pictures that have nicely-shaded lines. All Chinese pictures have sharp, and heavily contrasting lines. There is no softness in their portraits for that reason."

While on the way to Li Hung Chang's Gardens, they passed an open space, where thousands of children were at play. Here were in progress hundreds of games of shuttle-cock but that which interested them most was the kite flying.

Probably a thousand, or more, kites of all sizes and shapes were in the air at one time, and they stopped to see the sport. The chattering was intense,—a babel of voices, and in several places the discussions took on the phases of regular fights.

All this was accompanied by a din of beating drums, and the blowing of peculiar whistles.

"Say, Winfield, this beats anything we ever saw in Japan."

"Did you ever hear noises like this?" answered Winfield.

"There is quite a contrast between this and the children in Japan. But the people here believe in noise. Their fireworks, and ceremonies, and celebrations, are always accompanied by noises and the more intense, the better they seem to like them."

"I wonder what these two groups are quarreling about," said Stanwood, as he approached them.

Each group had an immense kite in the air, and there was a constant haggling. "I have only a slight understanding of the language," said Mr. Munroe, and from what I can gather these two groups are playing a match game of kite flying."

"But what can they quarrel about in doing that?" asked Winfield.

Mr. Munroe watched them for a while, while the two groups surged toward each other and then retreated, meanwhile constantly glancing up at the rival kites.

"I see what the trouble is," he finally said. "Do you notice they are still letting out the cords?"

"Yes."

"Well, while they are doing so, the wind moves the kites together, or drives them farther apart. Judging from their arguments I should say that if, for instance, kite No. 1 is higher up than kite

No. 2, then No. 1 has the right of way, and if the wind blows them together, the holders of kite No. 2 must give way, and retreat so as not to get their kite too close to No. 1."

"That must be so; look at the fellows on this side, they are sneaking up to get their kite under the other fellows'. "

While Winfield was saying this, three of the other group rushed over and with fists and feet began an attack on the nearest group. It was quite exciting for a few moments, and the boys looked around for the police, but there wasn't one anywhere near the grounds, while the boys, in other groups, paid not the least attention to the controversy.

"They seem to get over the scrap mighty easily," said Stanwood, as he saw one of the defeated group walk over to the victorious set, and laugh, the moment the affair was over.

"Did you ever see such a variety of kites? Look at that big snake over there," said Stanwood.

"Oh, that's a Dragon," said Winfield.

"Yes; a contest of any kind without a dragon would be incomplete here," added Mr. Munroe.

"I have often wondered why they always have a dragon, and make so much of it?" asked Stanwood.

"The Dragon is an Imperial emblem. In this country nothing is supposed to be as powerful as the dragon. It is claimed that the dragon proceeded from the Emperor himself. In referring to his Majesty, or to any particular part of him,

it is customary to say, *the dragon's eye,* the *dragon's head,* the *dragon's claws,* if they mean his hands, and so on."

"Do they really believe those tales?"

"Throughout the whole of China these wonderful stories of the power, and the sacred character of the dragon, abound. They are implicitly believed."

It was hard to pull the boys from the scene. It was now past eleven o'clock, and Mr. Munroe was anxious to return by way of the Bund and the Foo Chow road, the latter which should be visited by night in order to get the best effect of the wonderful illumination which has made the place so famous.

They made a hurried trip to Li Hung Chang's Gardens and instructed the drivers to hurry along past the eating houses that are so noted on this great avenue.

They entered one of the restaurants. The attendant accosted Mr. Munroe, as follows: "How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?"

The boys laughed in spite of themselves. What a peculiar way to address a stranger. Mr. Munroe thanked him and smiled, adding: "I have had chiu-fan; kindly bring us yu-fan."

"Why did he ask you that question?" asked Winfield.

"He merely said 'How do you do' in the Chinese way."

Stanwood and Winfield were now laughing at the absurdity of it.

"Well, now suppose," said Stanwood, "that I should go into a restaurant in New York, and the waiter should say: 'How is your stomach? Have you had your coffee,—' "

"No, the waiter would say, probably, 'Good morning, and how are you to day,' and he would express the same thing."

"Well, I don't see it that way," said Winfield.

"Well, when a man says 'how are you' what does he mean? Isn't he asking whether or not you are well? Whether your digestion is all right, or words to that effect?"

"I suppose that is so," Winfield acknowledged.

"But what was that you told him to bring?"

"Breakfast with them means *morning rice,* and that is chiu-fan; what we are getting at now is luncheon, and with them it is called *late* rice, or ye-fan, and for dinner it would be man-fan."

"They seem to make everything with rice, it seems."

"And well they might, for it is the staple article of food."

The attendant appeared with dainty little dishes, and with the utmost decorum, served them with the well known chop suey, that mixture of various vegetables cooked and uncooked, mingled with meats; and alongside this was the inevitable bowl of rice.

After this course the tea came on, the cups being much smaller than those they were accustomed to in Japan. After the attendant retired, Winfield said:

"If there is anything that amuses me, it is the funny habit that fellow has of putting the tea cups on the table; did you notice it?"

"No, what do you mean?"

"Why, he used both hands. I wish you had noticed it. This is the way he did it," and Winfield lifted a cup with the thumb and fore fingers of both hands, as though its weight was too great to permit its removal with a single hand.

"We ought to have thanked him for doing so, because it was a mark of respect to use both hands. In the eyes of a Chinese it would be discourteous to hand an article to a person with one hand only."

As they were retiring the proprietor, advanced to Mr. Munroe and, clasping his own hands, acted as though he were bidding himself good-by. The boys had seen that same thing done by people as a sort of mock imitation of farewell, but here they saw it actually done in a sober manner and were not a little surprised to see Mr. Munroe shake his own hands as they passed out.

"I'm glad to know that," said Winfield, "or I might make a big mistake before we left the country, by wringing some poor fellow's hand in the American fashion. Of course, I don't suppose women ever shake hands either, except in that way?"

"Oh, yes, they shake hands, but they do it differently. The lady plucks the left sleeve with the right hand, and shakes that, instead of her own hand."

Dismissing the jinrickishas they wandered along

the main streets to visit the shops, and shortly before two o'clock were at the station. There they met numbers of passengers, who were also returning, and each had some amusing adventure to talk about.

At five o'clock the steamer left the dock on its way to Hong Kong, over eight hundred miles distant, a trip which would take the greater part of two days. The vessel had every cabin filled owing to the heavy travel between the two ports and both boys had to be on deck to care for the passengers.

A number of Chinese notables, with their families, were aboard and the boys had the first opportunity to see their life. The families had their own servants so that there was little opportunity for them to render any service directly, but on several occasions the mandarin would engage the boys in conversation, and after each interview the chief servant would tender some little present.

Most of those noted men understood a little of the English language, and on the morning of the second day the one who seemed to be the superior in rank, of those on the vessel, had the opportunity of an extended conversation with both of the boys during which he introduced his own son to them.

The latter who was then on his way to the United States, to attend school, was accompanying his father to Hong Kong from which place he intended to ship directly to the Suez Canal. While he could not speak as fluently as the Mandarin, his quaint manner of forming words and accentuating them had a charm for the boys, and

it was not long before the three boys were interesting each other hugely by the information mutually imparted to each other.

The father was delighted at the interest shown, and by the courtesy of the boys. On reaching their room that evening they were followed by Mr. Munroe, who had a package in his hands and a broad smile on his face.

"You have certainly made a great hit with the Mandarin," he said. "He has sent this to you with his compliments." And he handed the package to them.

The boys were startled at the information. The package was quickly opened, revealing therein two curious boxes, each about four inches square, and a little over two inches high. The clasp of each appeared to be of gold, and after a little experimenting the knob was properly manipulated, and the lid of one flew open.

Within was a set of cut glass vials, curious little brushes, and one tiny bottle with a red ointment of some kind. "What do you suppose this is for?" asked Winfield.

"That is a toilet set," replied Mr. Munroe, "and I think it is very valuable. Open the other one."

This on examination was found to be a counterpart of the other. They were delighted beyond measure. "What do you suppose they are worth?" asked Stanwood.

"That is hard to say. It is a great compliment to receive a gift of that kind," he answered. "What have you been doing to him? Did you

hypnotize him?" and Mr. Munroe smiled as he asked the questions.

"No; we didn't do anything but talk with Kling," said Winfield.

"Kling; who's Kling?"

"He's the son;" said Stanwood.

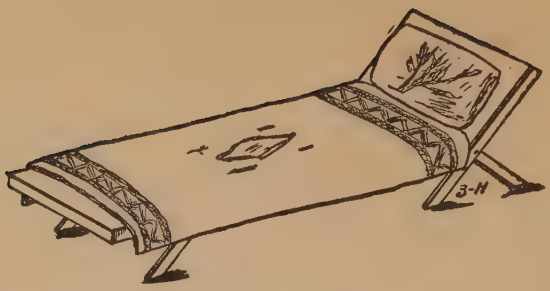
"That explains it. Told him you came from New York, and all that I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, and Kling's going to New Haven, Conn., and he wants to get on the team there," continued Stanwood.

Mr. Munroe laughed at the incident, and wished the boys success with their new acquaintance. "I have no doubt he will be pleased to see you when you return. I advise you to cultivate his acquaintance."

Acting on the advice of Mr. Munroe, they called on the Mandarin the next morning, and thanked him most effusively for the gifts, stating that they accepted them with the greatest pleasure.

"You should understand," said Mr. Munroe, "that the Chinese, like the Japanese, are most lavish in their thanks, and you can't pile it on too heavily."



CHAPTER III

THE NEW EMPLOYMENT

Among the passengers was an elderly gentleman, who was carried to the deck immediately after the vessel left the dock at Shanghai and was constantly waited upon by a young man. The afternoon of the first day the attendant became violently ill, and Winfield was delegated to take care of the invalid.

Like many who have arrived at a certain age, especially when afflicted with disease, this man was very exacting, and when Winfield took charge he was not aware of the difficult nature of his duties. A very matronly nurse, who occasionally carried delicacies to him, engaged Winfield in conversation, shortly after the assignment, and told him about the severe illness of the old man, so that when he was called upon to give his attention, he did it with such a cheerful air that the patient was very much impressed with the boy.

The attendant, as it appeared, was stricken with a type of the eastern fever, so prevalent in that part of the world and the doctors stated that it

would be impossible for the young man to give his employer any further attention on the trip.

While Winfield was present, and during the entire time he was with him, his eyes followed the boy, but it was not until the next morning that he began any extended conversation. "What is your name?" he asked, as Winfield was adjusting the chair so as to make him more comfortable.

After Winfield responded, he continued: "Where are you from?"

"New York," he answered.

"How does it happen that you are here?"

And Winfield related the circumstances attending their tour. The frank and open manner in which the recital was given, and the enthusiasm of the boy in telling the many little incidents, appealed to the old man.

That afternoon the conversation was again resumed. "What you tell me is very interesting," he said. "I learn William is very sick, and it occurred to me that a young man like yourself could be very useful to me, as I see you have the right qualities. I want some one to take William's place, and I want an American. Would you like to consider taking a place in my service?"

Winfield was surprised at the sudden proposal. He hesitated for a time, and the old man noticing it added, "You may think the position would be too exacting; I can understand that,—"

"No, no! it is not that," said Winfield, in confusion. "I was not thinking of that, but I haven't told you all about our trip, and of the contract we

made before starting." And he related the conditions under which they were traveling.

"Yes; I see you are desirous of completing your contract, and it is right that you should carry out the agreement; but that will not conflict with your employment with me. On the other hand, I can assist you in an honorable way, without at all interfering with your previous engagement."

"But I have a companion who is interested with me, and I could not do anything without him," answered Winfield.

The man smiled, as he replied: "That is true; is he the young man who was with you last night?"

"Yes."

"Then, so much the better. Two would be better than one, and I can employ both of you," he answered.

"Will you excuse me for a little while?" said Winfield, with eyes blazing.

"Certainly."

"You are sure you can get along without me for fifteen minutes?"

"Why, yes; bring up your friend. I want to talk to him," he said.

Winfield skipped along the deck, rushed down the companion way and sought the Purser's office.

"I want to talk to Stanwood for a few moments," he said, as he approached Mr. Munroe.

"He is down in the hold, and I expect him back within ten minutes. Is there anything urgent?" asked Mr. Munroe, as he noticed Winfield's flushed face and eager appearance.

He hesitated for a moment before replying. "Yes," he answered, in a halting voice.

"There is no trouble above, is there?" asked Mr. Munroe.

Winfield then told of the proposal made to him by Mr. Winthrop.

"By all means accept," he said. "Mr. Winthrop is a man of great wealth; is a resident of Boston, if I am not misinformed, and this is an opportunity that comes only once in a lifetime. So he is willing to take both of you? That is real luck—no, I shall not call it that. I am sure he discovered your true worth after he became acquainted with you."

"I'm glad you have that idea of my work; but I wanted to tell Stanwood, and to let him know that Mr. Winthrop wants to see him."

"I will tell Stanwood to go up the moment he comes."

Winfield hurried back, his face wreathed in smiles. "Stanwood will be here in a few moments," he said. "I forgot to thank you for the kind offer you made, and I know we shall accept it. We are strong boys, and can do anything, and I know we shall not tire of taking care of you." The mention of Stanwood's name seemed to affect him the same as when he had learned Winfield's name.

Stanwood came up with Mr. Munroe. "So this is Stanwood," he said. "Winfield tells me about your courageous trip, and how it came about. I can use you to good advantage."

Mr. Munroe smiled, and nodded his head approvingly. "Winfield has just told me about the proposal you made, and I am sincerely glad that he feels like accepting your offer. I have known these young men only during this trip, but they have shown themselves to be worthy of confidence and of encouragement."

"But we don't want charity or favors," said Winfield.

"Oh, not at all," said Mr. Winthrop. "I made the offer before I knew anything about the nature of your contract."

"I can understand that," answered Mr. Munroe. "That being the case it is so much the more creditable to the young man, as I infer you did it because you appreciated the character of the services rendered you."

"That is an exact statement of the matter," answered Mr. Winthrop.

All this was news to Stanwood, as Mr. Munroe had not informed him of the nature of the proposed interview, when he told him to accompany him to the upper deck.

Winfield gazed at Stanwood, and the latter looked at Mr. Winthrop before turning to Mr. Munroe. "I would be glad to accept, for my part, but I do not see how we can break our contract," he said.

"That has been considered," said Mr. Winthrop, smiling. "I regard that matter closed. Your service with the line ends in the morning, I be-

lieve. Tomorrow I will arrange for you to take up your duties with me."

When the boys reached their stateroom that evening, they sat down in a whirl of excitement. Mr. Winthrop had not told them the nature of their compensation, nor the full nature of their duties, so before Winfield was relieved of duty, he went to Mr. Winthrop's cabin, but refrained from entering, when he saw that Mr. Munroe was inside, and engaged in conversation.

"Who do you think was in Mr. Winthrop's room when I passed it a moment ago?"

"I haven't any idea."

"Mr. Munroe. I quietly walked away when I saw who he was but I am going up again just before we go to bed."

"That would be a good idea," said Stanwood. "But to think that we should ever strike anything as good as this," he continued.

"But I wonder which way and where he is going?" said Winfield.

"That may interfere with our going on, probably."

"No; he said it would help us."

"Well, we'll get to Hong Kong tomorrow, and then the matter will be settled."

The vessel sailed into the harbor of Victoria, as the city is technically known, near noon, and long before they docked Mr. Munroe told Stanwood to call Winfield. When the latter appeared, he said, addressing the boys: "At noon your service ends,

and you will find your wages in these envelopes. I had a talk with Mr. Winthrop last night. He has been a great traveler, and, although at present feeble, he still has the spirit of adventure, as he says that is the only thing which keeps him alive."

"Did he say where he intended going after leaving Hong Kong?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes; I was coming to that; he said that he purposed going to Bangkok, after a few days' stop at Hong Kong. That will be the right direction for you, and from that place to Singapore, then to Madras."

"Where is Bangkok?"

"That is the capital of Siam. It is likely you may stop at Saigon on the way, and that will be interesting."

"Where is Saigon?"

"On the southern end of French Indo-China, or in Cambodia."

Stanwood's eyes sparkled at the mention of Cambodia. "Oh, how I should like to go there," he said.

"Why?" asked Mr. Munroe.

And the boys told about the visit at the San Francisco fair, and of their experience with the pupils in the Cambodian school in the Fair grounds.

They then bade adieu to Mr. Munroe, and then called on Mr. Collins, and thanked him over and over for his kindness to them. "If you see Mr. Dion, or Mr. Gabriel, at the Fair, tell them that

we owe a great deal to them for what they have done for us," said Winfield.

The boys took charge of Mr. Winthrop, and helped him down the gang plank. "We go to the King Edward Hotel," he said, and after Winfield had procured a carriage they were soon in the hotel lobby.

After registering at the desk they found, to their surprise, that two rooms had been reserved, one for the use of Mr. Winthrop, and the adjoining one for themselves. After being comfortably fixed Mr. Winthrop said:

"I suppose your engagement with the steamship expired at noon. I wish to say that each of you will receive ten dollars a week, but it will be necessary for one of you to be in attendance on me until eight o'clock in the evening, and in cases of emergency you may be called on during the night."

There was no hesitancy on the part of the boys in announcing their unqualified acceptance, and Stanwood said: "We had no reason to expect such wages as that, because I am afraid we cannot earn it; but it is very kind of you to make the offer in that way, and we will do the best we can to earn it."

"That is all any one can do. Tomorrow, if I am able to do so, we shall take a trip to see some of the sights of the city, and the following day we may go to Canton."

"Is it far to Canton?" asked Winfield.

"Not more than ninety miles distant."

"Is there anything particular to see there?"

"Yes; there are numerous places of interest. Among other things, it is called the most mysterious city in China. One of the peculiar things is the narrow streets, which are seldom over eight feet wide."

Hong Kong is an island, with a population of over 300,000. It is a British Colony, and the harbor is one of the finest in the world. There may be seen, at all times, the greatest variety of vessels assembled in any port.

The boys found that their duties consisted in attending to the wants of Mr. Winthrop, who was frequently unable to move around without assistance, owing to an injured foot, and because of his great age. He was, nevertheless, very companionable, and what delighted the boys most was the spirit shown by him in telling about his rambles throughout the world.

Whenever the boys began to talk about their experiences, his eyes would lighten up, and it was evident that their cheery manners, and the frank way in which they told him of their amusing exploits, brought a new phase into his life.

The valet William, who proved to be in a serious condition when he was taken from the vessel, was, on the orders of his employer, removed to the hospital for treatment, where the attending physician informed Mr. Winthrop that it would be impossible to expect further service from him for a month, or more.

They were up early in the morning, and knocked

at the door. Mr. Winthrop, who had been awake for some time, was soon dressed, and breakfast ordered sent to the room. The boys were about to withdraw, when he said:

"You must take breakfast with me. Now, we are going to have a jolly time together. I am feeling so well that we shall tour the city."

No sooner had they begun the breakfast, when he again took up the topic of conversation dearest to him, and told the boys odd stories about his experiences in the out-of-the-way places, and indeed it must have gratified him to notice the intense eagerness with which the boys took in every word, and the keenness with which they plied him with questions.

Here was a man, apparently with no ties, who had wandered about the world for many years, his sole hobby being to travel. Now for the first time he had met two kindred spirits to whom he could talk, and who, also, thoroughly enjoyed the very things which appealed to him. It was a new experience to him and made him feel young again. It was certain that he considered the boys more in the nature of companions than as attendants.

They must have lingered over that breakfast an hour, or more, every minute of which was one of pleasure and satisfaction. Finally he said: "Well, boys; I am better than I have felt for years, for in some way you have livened up things a bit. We might take a trip through the great shopping districts for the first turn. Call a carriage, and we'll make a start."

He was assisted to the carriage, and the driver directed toward the shopping mart, which is characteristically English. "Take us to Woodson's Limited," he said as they started.

After a short drive they stopped before a large establishment, and all three of them left the carriage. After entering the shop, Mr. Winthrop addressed one of the clerks, and said: "I want two suits for these young men." At which the boys looked at one another and smiled.

The clerks brought forth a number of articles, nearly all of them in good taste, and the boys, who had an idea what good clothing meant, examined them with intense interest. "Now, let us see what your taste is," remarked Mr. Winthrop, smiling.

This was a turn in their outing which was entirely unexpected, and Stanwood started to protest. The older man held up his hand as a warning. "You are in my employ, and I am the only one to decide this matter," he said and this settled any further attempt at objections.

They quickly decided upon their choice of clothing and without further ceremony the bill was called for and was paid and the order given to send the goods to the King Edward Hotel.

"Now, for the jaunt," was their employer's next suggestion. They first visited the Botanical Gardens, which are considered very fine; and then drove to the highest eminence, called Victoria Peak, from which could be surveyed the entire island, and as it happened to be a clear day they had

a magnificent view of the surrounding islands, and caught a glimpse of the mainland of China, far to the north.

The sight was most impressive, and grand in the extreme. "The island has an area of less than thirty square miles, but its natural beauty is not surpassed anywhere. Did you ever see such an immense number of vessels? Even your own New York cannot equal it in this respect," averred Mr. Winthrop.

The whole day was thus spent in visiting the different places of interest, and when they returned to the hotel, Winfield said: "I hope you are not feeling any the worse for the trip today."

"He looked at Winfield for a little time, without replying, until the boys began to feel a little uncomfortable.

Without changing a muscle of his face, he replied: "That is the first time any one has asked me such a question for a great many years." And the boys thought he looked very sad as he said it. But his face was grave for a few moments only, and he brightened up, as he continued:

"Yes; I do feel better. I have enjoyed the day beyond measure. I never knew that it could be a pleasure to answer questions." And then they recalled that their main occupation during the day had been to ply him with inquiries—

"We hope you will excuse us for talking so much, but we never knew any one could tell us things so well, or whose company we have enjoyed as much as we have yours today," said Stanwood.

The old man turned up his head and gazed at the ceiling, while his eyelids blinked rapidly, and the boys were silent. They cast glances at each other, and after a time he said slowly: "That is a great compliment indeed. The fact that you have asked the questions is the best indication that you enjoyed the outing. That I have been able to answer the inquiries was a joy to me."

There was silence for a minute or two, when he resumed:

"Sometime I may tell you a story which will explain why I became interested in you," and then seeing the look of intense interest which the boys exhibited, he continued: "No, not now, but later on."

When the boys left him that night, he held out his hand, and bade them good night, and they went to their rooms in a daze. It seemed as though something uncanny had taken place, and they were just recovering from the effects of some peculiar experience.

"I wonder what he meant by that?" said Stanwood, in an undertone. Winfield was silent.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE HEART OF CHINA

The package containing the two suits was lying on the table, but it was the work of a few moments only until the wrapper was taken off and the garments taken out. Late as it was they could not resist the impulse to try them on.

"I suppose we ought to wear them in the morning," said Stanwood.

" Yes, indeed," said Winfield.

The remarkable events, and the still more singular winding up of the first day's engagement with Mr. Winthrop, instead of bewildering the boys, had the opposite effect. It sobered them. When they awoke, and recalled all the circumstances, there was something in the demeanor of the old man that weighed on their minds.

That both admired and revered him was beyond question. It was also plainly evident that he es-

teemed them, and appreciated their efforts to serve him in every way they could.

"I wish we could do something for him to show that we appreciate his actions toward us," said Stanwood, as he sat on the bed and gazed intently on the floor.

"I can't think of anything," replied Winfield.

"I have it," said Stanwood, springing up. "Suppose we send in some of those big flowers we saw outside of the hotel yesterday."

"Just the thing. Go down and get them, while I dress and go in."

They eagerly put on the new suits, and Stanwood rushed out and purchased three of the great bloomers, and had them put into a box. Winfield was in the room helping Mr. Winthrop, the latter of whom greeted Stanwood with a jovial laugh.

The box was opened, and the great white flowers drawn out. "Hello, what is that?" he asked, as his eyes beamed.

"Just a little gift for you," said Stanwood.

"That was, indeed, thoughtful of you. How did you ever happen to think of such a thing?" he asked.

Stanwood became confused as he replied: "We didn't know just what to give you to show how we felt; but we happened to think how nice these looked yesterday, as we went by."

"Nothing could be more appropriate as a gift. Without finding fault, however, you should have given me plum blossoms," he said with a smile.

"Why?" asked Winfield.

"These are chrysanthemums. In China they mean Autumn. Plum blossoms typify winter. You know they would have been more appropriate for me." And he began to laugh.

"Do they have a flower for each season?"

"Yes; the bamboo stands for summer, and the epidendrum for spring."

"What is the epidendrum?" asked Stanwood.

"Orchids; have you ever seen them? Can't you recall some of them we noticed in the Botanical Gardens yesterday?"

"Do you mean the peculiar white flowers which appeared to grow on the barks of some trees?"

"Yes; but I greatly appreciate your gift, and thank you for the remembrance. But I hadn't noticed you in the new suits! They become you both, and I suppose we shall have to celebrate them today," he said.

They enthusiastically greeted this suggestion. For a few minutes, however, Mr. Winthrop sat there gazing on the flowers intently, and the boys did not feel like disturbing his reflections.

After a long silence he continued: "Yes, we might as well take the trip now as at any other time. I think a journey through China itself, right among the people, would be enjoyable."

"That would be glorious," said Stanwood.

"Then get things ready and we shall start for Canton at noon. From that point we shall be able to take trips into sections which are typical of the country. This place is more English than Chinese. I wish we had time, and my strength would permit

it so that we might take a trip through every part of this great country.'' And the old man seemed downcast as he thought of his limited powers.

The intervening time passed none too quickly, and promptly at noon the little party was driven to the wharf. There they boarded a steamer which carried them to the mainland where the train was taken for Canton ninety miles distant. That city, while not situated directly on the sea, but on the wide mouth of the river Si-Kiang, is far enough in the interior to be typical of China.

Arriving there they were driven to the Victoria Hotel, the finest stopping place in the city, the trip having taken nearly five hours. Mr. Winthrop said he desired to retire before eight o'clock and announced that he would not require them after that time.

This gave the boys an opportunity to take a tramp through the quaint city. It was brilliantly lighted, in the business quarter, although the exceedingly narrow streets, gave it an air of stuffiness, but everything was exceedingly bright, comparatively few lights being sufficient to illuminate every part of the thoroughfares.

Here, as in Japan, they noticed that none of the natives wore a hat or head covering. There were no automobiles or other street vehicles of that kind, the people being carried to and fro on jinrickishas, in Sedan chairs, or palanquins.

The latter was a curiosity. Imagine a box, from six to eight feet long, four feet wide, and six feet high, with a narrow door at each side, and a pole

centrally located at the front end and projecting forwardly, with a similar pole at the rear end, and there you have the idea of a palanquin.

Within is a seat, or two of them facing each other. Curtains which may be used to close the opening are at the entrances. This vehicle is carried by two bearers, the poles being held on the shoulders, and as there is considerably flexibility at the juncture of the poles with the body, the walking motion produces a peculiar swinging effect, and a feeling as though one were riding on springs.

"I should like to ride in one of those things," said Stanwood.

"Suppose we take one of them back to the hotel, when we are through," answered Winfield.

As they neared the residence quarters these palanquins were met at every step of the way. In some places the streets were literally lined with them so they formed processions, which went by with the regularity of troops. The tourist did not notice any policemen, or traffic squads, at the street crossings and there was no one to halt those coming along one street, or to indicate by a whistle that the others must halt.

By some sort of common impulse every third or fourth palanquin stopped, and then immediately took up its march again, when as many had passed in the opposite direction. Between, and alongside, pressed the sedan-chair carriers, and the few jinrickishas which were noticed in this section, as well as other curious conveyances.

"There is one thing I have noticed in every one of the women in those boxes," said Winfield.

"What is that?" asked Stanwood.

"Well, every one of them has a flower of some kind in her hair. I suppose Mr. Winthrop would know why, if there is any reason."

The narrow streets and the great congestion everywhere, as a result, makes travel exceedingly slow, and when a traveler in the city winds his way in and out the vast maze for an hour he thinks he has gone miles, and is frequently surprised to find that he has gone less than a dozen blocks.

"How far do you think we are from the hotel?" asked Winfield.

"We've been out now over two hours. I suppose we are nearly at the end of the town," replied Stanwood. "Suppose we hail one of the boxes."

There was no difficulty in calling up one of them. "To the Victoria," said Winfield. "Do you understand?"

"Ta, ta, Vilictolee," he answered with a grin.

After they had entered and seated themselves, Winfield leaned out and inquired: "How much will it be?"

One of the men turned and held up his hand with two fingers extended. "T'shillin'."

"I wonder if he means two shillings?" said Winfield. "Well, I guess it won't break us, whatever it may be."

Arriving at the hotel, and still undecided as to the price, Winfield tendered the man a silver coin, an English half crown, the equivalent sixty-two

and a half cents. The native then fished out three peculiar coins and tendered them in exchange, with a polite bow.

"I wonder if we ought to give them a tip?" said Stanwood. At this the man's lips opened and showed a decided grin, and Winfield tendered him one of the coins.

"I think we hit it all right," said Stanwood.

They retired for the night, rather tired, as tramping about under the conditions explained, while very interesting for the time, is sure to be much more trying than ordinary walking.

"I have thought of a very good way to spend the first day," said Mr. Winthrop at breakfast the next morning. "In the city itself we could not use a vehicle, but we can get a motor car at some distance from the main portion of the town not far from the Flowery Pagoda. After visiting that, we can start on a tour in the direction of Wu-Chan, and in the neighborhood of Luk-po, or some of the small villages along the river, we may see the most peculiar traits found in China, unless we should penetrate into the vast interior."

"Is China so very big?" asked Winfield.

"Few people have an idea of the immense area of this country. From this place to Peking, in a straight line, and almost directly north, is 1200 miles, farther than from New York to Omaha. To the northern limit of the Republic is a thousand miles farther. East and west the distance is over 3200 miles."

"My, but that is immense!" said Stanwood.

"Then we could hardly see all of it in the trip today," said Winfield with a laugh, in which all joined.

Two sedan-chairs were taken at the door of the hotel. These are easy chairs entirely open, with poles running fore and aft, the same as palanquins. Mr. Winthrop took one, and the boys occupied the other, and during the crowded part of the streets they went tandem fashion.

As the vehicles in the streets gradually thinned out, the two traveling chairs moved together alongside, until they reached the Pagoda.

"There is nothing particularly interesting within, but it is marvelous to see how it is built. The entire wood work, if you will notice, is carved to represent the flowers of China."

"I have wondered since we came here, why it is that the Chinese make so much of flowers," said Stanwood.

"Because everything in nature has some meaning to these eastern people. Every plant and flower typifies something, and they believe those things earnestly and really. Americans lay little store on the tales that are told about flowers and birds."

"We noticed last night that every woman we met had flowers in her hair,". said Stanwood.

"Yes; in China a woman is not dressed unless she has a sweet-scented flower in her hair."

After leaving the Pagoda, Mr. Winthrop noticed a stand with curious designs all over it, the princi-

pal ones being circles and wheels. "This is a cab stand. We can give an order here for a machine. There are not many cars used but they are obtainable everywhere," he said.

In a few minutes a very attractive car came up, and Mr. Winthrop, who evidently could speak Chinese, with considerable fluency, gave instructions as to the route, and they were whirled away to the west along a fairly good road.

"I have made arrangements for the chauffeur to take us across the river and up along the western banks, as it will be more interesting there, if I remember this section. Besides the roads are not so much involved in that direction."

The boys looked at him inquiringly, and as he noticed their attitude, he smiled and continued: "When we cross the river and reach the rice fields, you will see why my remark is very appropriate. Even there, where some effort has been made to have regularity in the placing of the roads, they wind in and out of the fields in a very annoying fashion. But that is something worth seeing, and it is peculiarly Chinese."

The stream was reached in less than a half hour, and they learned that the name of it was Fe-Kiang, Kiang meaning river. It was, probably, three hundred feet in width, and although there was no bridge in sight they saw a sort of raft, over twenty feet long, and possibly fifteen feet wide, which carried the natives from one side of the river to the other.

The boys were interested in its peculiar structure, and Mr. Winthrop smiled as he noticed their examination of the singular craft.

"It doesn't seem that it would hold up this machine and all the people," said Stanwood, for he saw fully a dozen people standing on the little dock, besides the pile of crates and bags at the end of the platform.

"Why, the whole thing seems to be made up of bunches of bamboo," said Winfield.

"Your observation is correct," said Mr. Winthrop. "The ends of the poles are plugged up and sealed, and each bamboo forms one of a series of water-tight compartments. After they have covered over each pole with a resin, or lac, such a raft will hold up a greater weight than any other wooden craft."

The machine was then driven onto the floating structure and the other passengers walked aboard. After all freight had been loaded, four rowers on each side, with wide-bladed oars, paddled the curious craft across with the greatest facility.

Lining the stream on both sides were hundreds of small flat-bottomed boats, and numerous children were clinging about them. "What does all that mean?" asked Winfield, as he saw the unusual sight.

"They are the Chinese house boats," replied Mr. Winthrop. "Those people are born, live and die on the floating houses. It is the only home they know."

"What do they live on?"

"Fishing, principally. That is a great industry here, and everywhere along the coast towns and rivers. Aside from rice, fish is the staple article of food."

By this time they had already arrived in the rice fields. Dogs of every description were in abundance, sometimes several dozens of them would be seen in groups. At one place were noticed over two dozen black animals, which looked something like Esquimaux dogs.

"Those dogs are raised for food," said Mr. Winthrop.

"Do they eat dogs?" asked Winfield in astonishment.

"Yes, indeed; that is a recognized industry, and the black ones you see are called Chows Chows, the most favored species. In the Philippine Islands, as you may have heard, they have regular markets for the sale of dogs to be used as food. Further along we may stop off and see some of the many canine varieties, as there are regular dog farms in this section."

The roads, while fairly smooth, were not laid out on any well recognized plan, but turned in and out in a most bewildering way, sometimes dwindling down to a single trail, and at other places spreading out into short avenues.

The little cottages, none of them more than a single story in height, were all typically Chinese in architecture. This means that the roofs were

formed with an inward curve, and the lower sweep of the roof extended over the side wall and turned upwardly to form a long graceful sweep.

These were dotted all over the landscape, forming a most fascinating picture. There were few trees, but an abundance of flowers, of every variety, and lilies which were cultivated in rows like vegetables. Connected with every cottage was a group of bamboo trees, and the small trees were in many places so thick that they looked more like fields of unheaded wheat.

"I wanted you to see how they raise the bamboo in native China. You know its great uses are for food, and for the building of cottages. It is a kind of vegetation that grows faster than any other, and the stalks, when about two feet high, are very tender. We may be able to see how they prepare them for the market," said Mr. Winthrop, as he cast his eyes about.

"There are a lot of funny-looking dogs," said Stanwood.

"Just the place for us to have a look around," he answered.

The chauffeur was directed to stop at the place indicated, and they dismounted. The owner of the place came over smiling, and Mr. Winthrop addressed him in English. He understood the language and answered readily.

"I have brought over some friends to see your dogs," said Mr. Winthrop.

"That is very nice in you," answered the man.

"What peculiar little fellows these are," said

Winfield, as he pointed out some beautiful specimens, which had enormous eyes.

"These are the full breed Pekingese pugs," he responded.

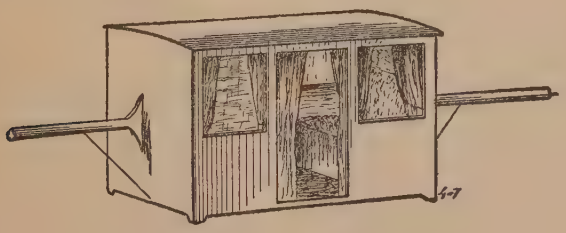
"But are they fully grown?" asked Stanwood.

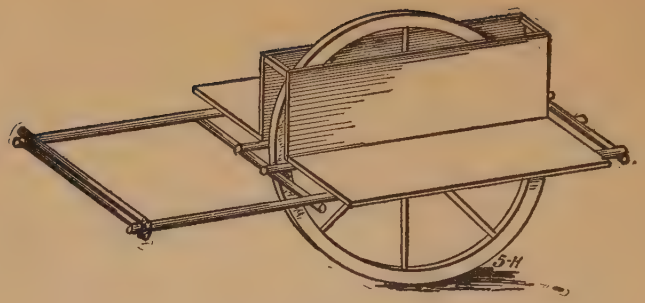
"Oh, yes; I sent away some of the smaller ones a few days ago, so that it is unfortunate you cannot see the best ones. These are called the sleeve dog, as they can be carried in the sleeve. They are very affectionate."

"It has been said that they have all the physical characteristics of the cat, combined with the affectionate nature of the dog," added Mr. Winthrop.

They have a fur as fine as any cat, and in some cases it has even a more silk-like texture. They have very finely formed paws and heads which appear too massive for the size of the body, and long tails which curve up over the body.

More than a half hour was spent with these animals, and the boys could hardly restrain themselves from making a purchase of several specimens, but they knew such a thing would be impractical.





CHAPTER V

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD

After leaving the dog farm they proceeded slowly for an hour or more, and finally reached a little village, where they alighted and partook of luncheon. The village was merely a cluster of the same kind of cottages that were noticed all along, but it was astounding to see the number of children who gathered around the motor, or stood at a respectful distance watching it.

Here, as elsewhere, the children at play formed an inspiring spectacle, consisting of one continuous succession of chatter and noise. Scarcely any other game than shuttle-cock and kite flying was to be seen, except the game of fan tan, or a species of it.

In the games which the boys witnessed the player had a little bowl and a few flat pieces of shells, broken bits of China, on which were inscribed certain characters, or numbers. The fragments were shaken in the bowl, and then turned down over the lot, so as to hide them.

The boys who sat around then flipped their pieces and certain ones were taken in by the player with the bowl, while those who won got their shares. It was a complicated game of matching pennies, so it seemed to the boys, who watched the playing while seated on the little veranda belonging to the tea house.

"And this is chop suey," said Winfield. "It is the first time I have ever tasted it."

"Yes; and it is remarkably good. But that is not to be wondered at. The principal ingredient is the bamboo shoot, or pith, both of which are used. At this place we may be able to see them preparing it."

Near the restaurant was a long, low building, on which were the same mystical, straight, diagonal and zig-zag lines which give Chinese writing its peculiar appearance. "We might go over to that place," continued Mr. Winthrop, after the meal was over.

Entering the place indicated, they saw whole rows of low tables, or platforms, before which were boys and girls sitting in native fashion. Some of them were cutting the long green bamboo poles at the joints, two cuts being required at each, so that the joint might be thrown away.

The lengths between the joints were then pushed along, and the short section stood on end, while the operator, with a short knife would peel off the woody outer portion, and discard that, while carefully piling up the pith removed from the central portion.

Others would come along at intervals, and gather up the piles thus made and deposit them in long trays. "This is the pith which is used in chop suey," said Mr. Winthrop. "You will see it is very crisp, and will remain so if it is kept in a moistened condition."

Passing out through the rear end of the factory another sight presented itself. There the bamboo shoots, which were handled, were not over fourteen inches in length, and not so thick as an ordinary lead pencil.

Picking up one of the shoots, Mr. Winthrop showed how exceedingly tender they were, at the same time observing, "It is doubtful if we have in our country any vegetable that compares with this."

"It is quite possible that this specimen, which I am holding," he said, "was not an inch high yesterday morning. That accounts for its exceeding tenderness. All this was raised where the soil is very moist, and its rate of growth depends on the amount of water which the soil holds."

"We remember seeing it in Japan, and how fast it grows, but a man there told us that sometimes it takes several years for the plants to form," said Winfield.

"That is quite true. The bamboo used for building is the hard, slow-growing variety, where the soil is dry."

After a thorough inspection they again mounted the machine, and it was directed to the north along a fairly well-defined road. While thus speeding

along, one little cluster of houses after the other was passed, and just as they were leaving one village there was a pronounced click, and the engine began to race, before the chauffeur could shut down.

"What is up now?" said Mr. Winthrop.

The chauffeur alighted, and made an examination. "We have broken the universal," he said.

"That is unfortunate," was the answer. "Do you think we can find a place at the village where they will take us for the night?" he asked.

"It is very doubtful," was the response. "Ahead about two miles is a fairly good-sized town, and it would be much better to reach that."

"As you cannot possibly repair the break here, I suggest that you go back to the village and see what sort of conveyance you can find," he suggested to the chauffeur, who was off instantly.

Within ten minutes he was observed, accompanied by a man with a curious vehicle. The boys stared at it in amusement. "That must be a wheelbarrow," said Stanwood, laughing.

"That is a good observation. That is the identical vehicle which was the parent of our wheelbarrow," said Mr. Winthrop.

"But how in the world can he ever take us in that thing?" said Winfield.

"I don't know about three of us, but the peculiarity of the device is that they are made to carry two, or four. There must be one on each side of the wheel."

When it came up the boys examined it with keen

interest. It had a single wheel, nearly five feet in diameter. Around this was built a frame, to which were attached two seats, one on each side of the wheel, each seat being about four feet long, and provided with a back, which prevented the passenger's shoulders from touching the wheel.

"This is the primitive Chinese cart. The frame, which projects out behind, is held by the man who operates it, and he pushes it, instead of pulling it, unlike the jinrickisha mode of propulsion."

"But how are we going to get in?" asked Stanwood.

"He has two balancing sticks, or legs, to put under the sides, until the load is on," said Mr. Winthrop. "I think you two had better get on that side, as I am much heavier than either of you."

Stanwood and Mr. Winthrop crawled up on the opposite sides, and Winfield suggested that he would like to make a part of the trip on foot, but while thus speaking the operator drew a bag of sand from the space behind the wheel, and pushing it to the side where Mr. Winthrop sat, motioned to Winfield to jump on.

All was curiosity now, to see the mode of starting. The man having adjusted a strap over his shoulder, reached forward and grasped the sticks referred to and with a quick forward push started the wheelbarrow in motion.

As soon as it began to move he straightened up and began to trot along with utmost ease. It was almost uncanny when it came to the turns, for

without in the least checking the speed, he leaned over and guided it around the curve with the body of the device leaning inwardly, to compensate for the centrifugal motion at the turning point.

It was an easy motion, and the man did not seem to tire, for he went the entire distance without a stop, and as he approached an inn, which they recognized at a distance, they were just as curious to learn how he would stop and get rid of his passengers without overturning them.

The stop was so sudden that they could hardly describe how it was done, but the instant the wheel ceased to turn the man had the sticks in place and he drew in the balancing bag of sand.

"I have been told that there are many of these men who can carry a single passenger or even two on one side, without any difficulty, but it requires a great deal of dexterity and practice, the great difficulty being to start it going; after that the vehicle keeps in an erect position, the same as a bicycle."

"Yes; I can see that," said Winfield. "I wouldn't have missed the ride on that thing for a dollar."

After the evening meal they retired to their rooms, and gazed about at the curious furnishings. Mr. Winthrop laughed when he saw the rueful faces. "Looking for the beds?" he asked.

"I suppose they have them in the next room," said Stanwood.

Shortly after entering a servant appeared bearing two trestles. On this was placed two boards.

Then he departed, and soon came in with a mass of material, the first of which was a woven mat, and on this was spread several thicknesses or layers of matting, then a cotton wadded coverlet with several sheets.

The last article was a pyramidal head rest, like a small foot-stool which was gravely deposited at the end to indicate that was the head of the bed.

"What is that thing for?" said Winfield.

Mr. Winthrop leaned back in the cushions on the low sofa, and loudly laughed, as he saw the curious expressions on the boys' faces. "That is a pillow," he said. "Notice particularly how soft and inviting that hollow is. You see that will fit almost any head, and when you are asleep you will not notice it."

"But how can a fellow sleep on his ear with a thing like that?" ventured Stanwood, in disgust.

"Oh, you musn't sleep on your side. You must sleep on your back in China," suggested Mr. Winthrop, as he continued the merriment.

Winfield looked at it and began to smile at the absurdity of it, as he replied: "No wonder they are so backward in everything."

This witty response was the occasion for a fit of laughter on the part of the old man. "That was a genuine hit, my boy. You have arrived at the same opinion that one of our great writers once urged, that China would be a more progressive nation if it slept on its side."

"I suppose we have the same kinds of things in our rooms," said Stanwood.

"I'll roll up one of the covers for a pillow," said Winfield.

"No, I can suggest a better way," and calling the attendant Mr. Winthrop spoke a few words, and in a few minutes he appeared with a pillow, in a snowy white slip, and removed the little pyramid.

When the boys returned to their room they found pillows there, but it had been an amusing experience and they had learned it first hand. We almost suspect that Mr. Winthrop had something to do with having the beds equipped in that manner, because the natives know that Europeans and Americans cannot tolerate that kind of head rest, although the Chinese regard the soft pillow as heathenish and disdain its use.

In the morning the chauffeur had another machine ready for the party and at the suggestion of Mr. Winthrop they proceeded directly east, crossing the river forty miles above the ferry they had been on the previous day. Before noon they reached the town of Fu-Kang, an interesting place, one hundred miles north of Canton.

The town is located on elevated land, in contrast to the valley plains through which they had spent the previous day. It was also more heavily wooded as they ascended. In the groves, and everywhere trees abounded, they noticed people digging in the sod. "You will see the people gathering ginseng over there," said Mr. Winthrop.

"What is ginseng?" asked Winfield.

"A vegetable which is used all over the world for medicinal purposes, and is, therefore, valuable.

It grows beneath shelter much better than in the open."

"I haven't seen a cow since we left Canton," said Stanwood. "Don't they have them here?"

"Chinese, as a rule, have an aversion for milk and butter, and they eat very little meat, excepting dogs, and in some places wild cat."

"But I have seen pigs and goats, and over there near the woods were a lot of sheep," said Winfield.

While crossing a little stream they noticed a number of people on the opposite shore watching the antics of a large bird. "See it dive into the water?" said Stanwood.

"Why, it's after a fish," shouted Winfield. "It has caught a big one."

To the surprise of the boys it flew with its prize to the men on the bank. "Do you know what that is?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

"No," they exclaimed in unison.

"It is a trained cormorant, taught from infancy to catch fish. You will see them all along this stream. Look to the north. Do you notice the groups of men along the banks, and the birds at work?"

This was too interesting to pass by, and the boys jumped from the machine at Mr. Winthrop's suggestion, and walked over to the group.

The Chinamen smiled and were very courteous, and when the cormorant brought in the second fish, the owner held out his arm. The bird alighted on it, and was carried in this way to the boys for their inspection.

It rolled its eyes very comically, and turned its head while looking at them, as though questioning their motives. Then with a curious sound and movement of the lips of its master, it flapped its wings and mounted into the air, slowly hovering twenty-five or thirty feet from the surface of the river, and occasionally turning and skimming along until it had singled out an object, when it quickly turned with its head downwardly, gave a few vigorous beats of the wings and shot toward the water with great rapidity.

The beak of the bird in this instance had been extended forward until it stuck out straight in the direction of its line of flight. Evidently the fish must have been several feet below the surface of the water, for the cormorant disappeared entirely. However, it returned to the surface almost instantaneously, vigorously flapping its wings.

The fish had been caught by the beak but was transferred to the talons the moment the cormorant came to the surface. Its prey was too heavy for the bird to raise it up by a direct vertical flight, so it skimmed along the surface quite a distance before the fish was clear of the water. When the bird came closer it was noticed that the fish was a fine, large specimen, the weight being almost as great as that of the bird itself.

After witnessing a few exhibitions of these remarkable birds, the party resumed the trip. As they proceeded they saw that the character of the country was very much different in the uplands than in the low or swampy parts; that the vege-

tation was not the same, and that houses were considerably better than the ones noticed among the rice fields.

As evening approached, however, they could hear the screeching notes of the insects, so much more pronounced here than elsewhere, owing to their large size. The Cicada has a body fully three inches in length, not wholly unlike the cricket, but with a fuller body. Its color is a dark brown, which glistens in a light.

The screech of this insect is really terrifying, and when a half dozen assemble it is impossible for a person to endure the noise. Fortunately, their large size makes them readily discernible in the trees and shrubs where they abound, and to get any peace they must be driven away, or slaughtered.

At the small hotel which the travelers had selected in the town, they had occasion to notice the one peculiarity in the treatment of animals, which appeared to be a common practice in China, and that was the objection of destroying life and particularly the life of cockroaches, and insects of that kind, which we regard as pests.

When the boys came into their room, two immense cockroaches were gamboling over the water pitcher. The attendant carefully seized the offenders, and gently deposited them outside the window.

"That is exactly the same thing that fellow did at the last hotel," said Winfield.

"I have noticed it several times, and I wonder

why they are so particular about them?" answered Stanwood.

A half hour afterwards, when in Mr. Winthrop's room, Winfield said: "Did they drive any cockroaches from your room?"

"Oh, yes; but that is not an uncommon thing."

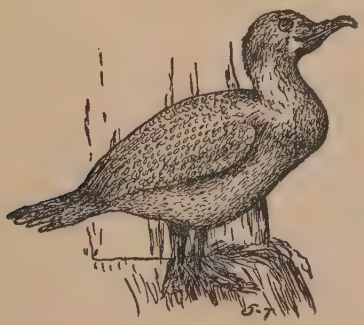
"Why are they so particular about not killing them?" asked Stanwood.

"The Buddhists do not believe in destroying life, in whatever form it may be. Did you notice the strainer which the Buddhist priests everywhere carry?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

"That is so," said Stanwood. "I noticed it several times."

"They are so particular that before drinking any water, they put some filtering material into the strainer, and pour the water through so it will catch all the germs."

"I'd like to catch that big screecher outside," said Winfield, as he started out the door.



CHAPTER VI

THE RESCUE OF NATIVES

The return was made to the hotel in Canton the next day without incident and the first train taken for Hong Kong, which they reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Winthrop was lively and jolly when they entered their rooms.

"Well, boys, how did you enjoy the outing?" he asked.

"Oh, it was great," said Winfield.

"Yes, that was a splendid trip, and the breakdown of the machine gave us an experience we couldn't have gotten otherwise," said Stanwood.

"I suppose you are interested in proceeding on your trip as soon as possible. Ordinarily the trip would be made from this place to Singapore, then direct to India."

"Yes; that is the trip we had outlined," said Stanwood.

"Instead of taking that route, I suggest that we

sail to Bangkok, in Siam, ascend the river Meinen, and after doing that country, cut across the country to Rangoon, in Burmah. Those countries will afford you more interesting experiences than any places I know of in the Far East," suggested Mr. Winthrop.

"That would certainly be a fine trip," remarked Winfield. "We are greatly obliged to you for proposing it. When do you think we can start?"

"One of the regular liners between this point and Bangkok is now in port, and we might take passage at once. I suggest that you get two of the best cabins, and mention my name," he continued.

"Shall I go to the office of the company?"

"Yes; you will find it across the street."

Winfield needed no urging, and rushed across. "Mr. Winthrop wants two of the best cabins you have for Bangkok, this trip," he said.

"Most assuredly, we can accommodate him; let me see, he is very particular so I will give him these two on the upper deck, port side; which be kind enough to tell him that with my compliments."

"Thank you," said Winfield. "What is your name, if I may ask?"

"Mr. Ruffield. I have booked him many times in the past."

When Winfield returned the boys were instructed to see that everything was removed and taken aboard, so they would have everything done in that direction before luncheon. Two hours thereafter they were safely on the ship, and had

taken possession of the two fine rooms on the upper deck.

"How long will it take us to make the trip?" asked Stanwood.

"About three days on these boats. At this time of the year we shall find traveling more comfortable than in the stuffy hotels," responded Mr. Winthrop.

The scene on board an ocean steamer in eastern waters is different from the regular Pacific or Atlantic vessels, and this is particularly true with the coasting steamers, such as the one in which they had engaged passage.

Some idea may be obtained of this when it is mentioned that on the steamer were people from Europe, China, the Malayan Islands, Siam, Java, Sumatra, Africa, Abyssinia, and Zanzibar. All creeds were represented, the Moslems the Buddhists, the Yu, or Confucianists, the Parsees, who are the fire worshipers, and the Siamese, who worship the white elephant.

There were many Chinese and Mongolian women aboard, and these for hours sat at their toilet, using cosmetics and perfumery in lavish abundance. They made no attempt at concealment, while engaged at this work, and, indeed, it seemed as though they invited the staring eyes of the passers-by, in their attempts to beautify themselves.

On board were many chewers of the Betel nut, that reprehensible practice so common in the East.

On the third day, before ten o'clock, the passengers were informed that the harbor would be entered before noon, and as they approached it the first sight was an island to the left containing a fort and nearby the Governor's residence could be plainly seen.

A launch then made its appearance, carrying medical officers whose duty it was to inspect the ship for contagious diseases. Quarantine regulations are in force everywhere in eastern ports, and while the natives in various places formerly objected to this system, it is now regarded by them with great favor.

Ten officials with striking yellow trimmings on their suits came aboard, headed by an American doctor and made a thorough examination of the passengers noting particularly the condition of the ship itself. The investigation was certainly a complete one, and after signing the inspection certificate, the pilot directed the ship to its place in the bay, where it anchored.

Soon the space all about the vessel was filled with the most curious boats and many junks were in the distance near the shore. Various hotels had special launches, and Mr. Winthrop told the boys that they would take the one marked "Oriental Hotel."

They removed all baggage, Mr. Winthrop's luggage consisting of three trunks, and two good sized traveling bags. All this attended to, they walked down the ladder, and boarded a neat little steamer, fitted up in a delightful manner. After

being landed there was a little *carry-all* which quickly ran them over to the hotel.

Much has been written about this place. It is not so magnificent, for there are many hotels which far surpass it in real luxury, but none of them is situated amid such entrancing loveliness as is this place.

The hostelry itself is one continuous maze of luxuriant rooms, located amid the most luxurious fern trees, and other species of vegetation common to warm countries. It has been said that this is the only cool place in Siam, and such might well be the case, since the sun is not able to reach the buildings from any angle, and at the same time the trees are so arranged that the air has free access from all sides.

After dinner, in the evening, the boys were permitted to take a look at the town. This has a population of over 400,000. It is difficult for a visitor to appreciate this in a town so peculiarly built. The houses are clustered together, in spots, and while they have a business section, like other cities, it seems as though the shopping is done everywhere, from one end to the other.

At many stores were found branches of trees, which they noticed people buying. Stanwood took a short stem, and handed the proprietor a small coin. This was taken home for later investigation. None of the houses had window panes. All the openings are called windows, intended to allow air to enter, as they have no use for glass to let in the sunlight without the air.

Nowhere did they see a greater variety of fruit, nor as many stands at which they were sold. The following list will give some idea of the kinds which were noticed on the first round.

Mangosteens, several varieties of bread fruit, oranges, custard apples, papayo, pineapples, mangoes and bananas. This did not by any means complete the list, but these were observed at a single stand.

Along the shore could be seen thousands of the house boats first noticed near Canton, China. It is stated that there are over 20,000 of these on this river alone, each carrying an average of six persons, and all of the poorer classes, who have no other homes.

At one place they came to a brilliantly-lighted set of houses and as all of them were close together, and have boarding laid across from one to the other, the boys, out of curiosity, followed the streams of people going to and fro. Their surprise was great on observing that it was a regular bazaar, at which was sold every conceivable object.

Fully three hundred of these boats were moored together in rows. While passing along the most crowded section a commotion was observed directly ahead, followed by shouting and screams. In another instant the people surged toward them, and a half dozen or more women, and several small children, were forced over the side of the slightly guarded gangway.

Stanwood, in trying to avoid the crush, was also pushed close to the edge, but Winfield went over,

and the latter, noticing the struggling figures in the water, seized two of the children. Stanwood plunged over without a moment's hesitation, and gave support to some of the women. The sudden catastrophe seemed to sober the crowd, many of whom cried out, *chabo, chabo.*

Short ladders with hooks at the end were quickly brought and hung over the side, which served as a means for fishing out the unfortunates. No one was aware that Winfield had been forced overboard, so that his act, as well as that of Stanwood, was looked on as most commendable, and they were soon the center of a throng of admiring people, before they could get away and start for the hotel. A thief had caused the commotion, as they afterwards learned.

In the morning the story of the trip to the bazaar was told to Mr. Winthrop, and he was delighted with the recital. Later he suggested a trip through the city so that the principal places might be seen. His infirmity prevented him from walking far, but the boys enjoyed his society, because he was always jolly and full of information, and had visited Siam on several previous occasions, and knew the people and the peculiar things practiced by the natives.

The morning meal was the regulation eastern breakfast, rice being the principal factor. Another article of which they never tired was the papayo, a delicious fruit, like little oval melons, with a green rind. Inside it looks like a pink cantaloupe. These were served for breakfast.

"Siamese have very curious designations for things," said Mr. Winthrop. "For instance, this, or any other fruit, is called 'child of the tree.' The cook is called 'father of the kitchen.' The name of Siam itself is designated by the natives as *Monany Thai,* meaning 'Real of the Free.' "

Here, as in Japan, the cockroach is never killed. This is also true of other pests, to the disgust of the boys, who took savage delight in getting rid of them in the most expeditious way.

The breakfast is called *cholo hagri,* the 'early bite.' Usually it is simply a cup of tea, toast, with rice, and fruit. Instead of Papoya, two plantains were served on several occasions.

"Yes, I would like to try a plantain. I don't know what it is, but we saw a lot of different kinds of fruit at the bazaar last night," remarked Winfield.

After breakfast they took a stroll into the grounds in which the hotel is set. Along one side is a public street, and as they emerged a half dozen peculiar-looking men stood in a row across the way, all with arms outstretched.

All wore yellow garments, and each held a brass bowl, and a net bag.

"They are the bonzes, or priests, in their daily rounds of begging," said Mr. Winthrop.

"When we were at the Panama Fair in San Francisco, we went into a school where they had bonzes; they were just the same, with heads shaved. But they were from Cambodia," said Stanwood.

"Cambodia is the next country east of this. The same habits and customs prevail there as here."

"What do they beg for?" asked Stanwood.

"The bronze bowl is intended to catch the grains of rice that are handed out, while the nets are used for the fruit which is offered them."

"I should think people would get tired of paying those fellows in that way?"

"No; they regard the priests as sacred, and everything they eat or wear must be given to them. This is one of the customs of the country which cannot be set aside. Some time ago I saw an elephant in the interior, which would give a donation of rice, whenever the bonzes appeared."

"Do you think the elephant knew why he did it?"

"The priests say that elephants really do know that they are ministering angels, and as the elephants themselves are sacred, there is a bond of sympathy between them."

"I think I know why the elephant would give the bonzes rice, and no one else," ventured Winfield.

"Why?" asked Stanwood.

"Because he had been taught to give it only to the men dressed in yellow."

"Winfield is right; but let us go closer; I want you to get an idea how much the people give."

They walked across the lawn, and out the portal, and crossed the street so they would pass the waiting beggars. As the different people passed, they

reached into an inside pocket, and drew forth a pinch of rice, and deposited it.

"How much do you suppose each fellow gives? It doesn't seem that he can give more than a dozen grains at a pinch," said Winfield.

"Well, if each one gives more than a half dozen grains it is considered a very generous contribution," answered Mr. Winthrop.

In begging they never utter a word, but hold up the bowl and net, appealing by mute looks to the charity of the people. They go from house to house, and only return home when they have sufficient for the day's needs. They must not beg for food for the second day, but only for the immediate present.

In one of the side streets, a number of boys were at play. One interesting game was to guess the number of seeds in a melon. Those who came within a certain number would be entitled to half, and for such as were not so fortunate, a quarter of the melon would be meted out, the smallest segments thus awarded being about an eighth.

You can imagine the eagerness with which a half dozen boys would crowd around the vender, and chip in a fuang (equal to about one-eighth of our cent) to gain the privilege of getting a piece. It was curious also to see the boys go from one vender to the next, and gravely examine the melon.

After a little ramble, sedan chairs were taken for a more extended tour of the city. The great palace is called Wat Phia Kean. As they neared the enclosure, for the grounds around the build-

ings cover nineteen acres, numerous elephants were marching across the space.

"Are they the white elephants we have heard so much about?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes; notice how all the people bow as they pass along," answered Mr. Winthrop.

"It doesn't seem to me that they are very white," said Winfield.

"They are not white, but a rather dirty gray, and sometimes almost yellow," responded Mr. Winthrop.

"But aren't they big fellows," said Stanwood. "Do you think they would allow us to go over to the Palace?"

"Oh, yes; that is just where we are going."

On the way, they passed innumerable venders of sun umbrellas, and also of little red flags, as well as white flags on which were printed the white elephants. In Siam the statue of the elephant is the incarnation of Buddha. In China and Japan they make the great statues of bronze in the form of the likeness of Buddha himself.

"There are several things that can be said of the Siamese to their credit," remarked Mr. Winthrop, as they neared the Palace. "They are remarkable for their cleanliness, orderly manners, and humanity. For some reason, however, they are backward in arts and in manufactures, as they can neither manufacture cotton like Hindoos, porcelain like the Japanese, nor silk like the Chinese. But here we are."

"What is all that noise about?" asked Winfield.

"That is one of the essential parts of their rites. They are much more noisy than the Chinese, and are great musicians."

"From the music they are playing now it doesn't seem that they furnish the finest in the world," said Stanwood.

"They proceed on the principle that the louder the music the more beautiful it is."

A dozen of the most magnificent elephants filed past, each arrayed with the most costly coverings, and in some of the garments were gems which glittered in the sunlight. They entered the Temple, and marched down, two abreast, separating in front of the altar, as a retinue of priests entered between them.

Then began a redoubled beating of drums, the twang of curious tambourines and the occasional boom of a bell, as though far distant. "I think I see the bells," said Stanwood, in an undertone, as he pointed upwardly and far to the rear.

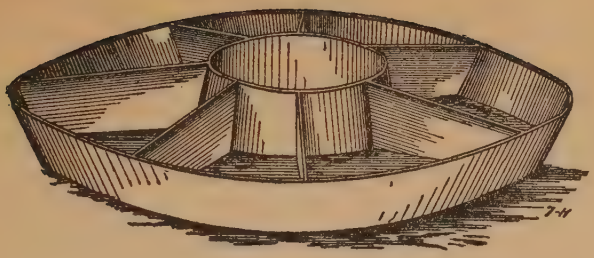
"Yes; that is where they are located. The peculiar character of the tones give them the effect of being a great distance away," remarked Mr. Winthrop.

The ceremony was a continual succession of these musical efforts, interspersed with dreary recitations in monotone, which, the boys were informed, consisted of the prayers and admonitions taken from the sacred writings.

As they were returning the inevitable vender of goods was everywhere noticed, and this time they ran across an umbrella man, who had a tiny bell at each tip of the umbrella, the bells being in different keys, and when a prospective buyer appeared he would twirl the top and cause an added jangling, the idea being to show his appreciation by making an added amount of noise.

In the bazaar through which they passed on the way back to the hotel, were noticed an odd variety of articles, among which might be mentioned dried fish, smoked roe of fish, rude wooden ware, scoops, bowls, plates, spoons, oil, and boxes for areca, or the betel nut.

In other places were found an endless variety of black, red, blue, and green morocco slippers, cuspidors, used in chewing the betel nut, candy, confections, of all sorts, but principally in the form of fruit pastes and sweetened gums.



CHAPTER VII

CURIOUS OBJECTS IN SIAM

At noon that day they had the first opportunity to test the qualities of a Siamese dinner, for while the hotel is supposed to cater to the tastes of all comers from foreign shores, still, they serve a typical native meal of the high class.

All meals are served in the most dainty fashion. The quantity in each course is very small, but they make up in number what they lack otherwise, and then it is not considered ill breeding to ask for an additional portion of each dish.

Soup, served in little low cups with double handles, was the first course, then followed rice, prepared in a variety of ways, one in which it was given a delicious flavor by one of the many fruits at their command. The rice came in a large porcelain dish, and was ladled out into the small bowls. Chop sticks were not used, as the hotel complied with the wishes of its patrons in this respect.

Then came fish, and a profusion of vegetables. This was followed by a roast, and a side dish of

pickled fish. And now in the middle of the table was placed a large porcelain dish which had one central compartment, and around it seven compartments.

These various compartments contained the following articles: In the center, Chutney sauce, and in the outer spaces powdered cocoanut, dried or salted fish, grated almonds, chopped cucumbers, sweet powdered cocoa beans, and minced red peppers.

The meal was rounded off by an immense variety of fruit, at least six different kinds being on the table at this, their formal meal in Siam. Tea, of course, was served, and taken without sugar or cream, a habit the boys had formed while in Japan.

The following morning Mr. Winthrop said: "It would be interesting to make a visit to the former capital of Siam."

"Where is it?" asked Winfield.

"It is about seventy-five miles north of this place. The name of the old capital is Ayuthia, but it was sacked in 1767, and a few years thereafter the capital was removed to this place."

"What kind of a place is it?" asked Stanwood.

"A city of ruins, amid immense jungles. But there are several things that will greatly interest us, and that is the elephants. That is where they have the kreals for housing the wild ones."

The boy's eyes opened with pleasure at this announcement. They had heard how the tame elephants were used in order to lure the wild ones.

"Do you think we shall be able to see a genuine elephant hunt?" asked Winfield.

"I do not know, but if they have one, there will be no difficulty in securing permission to go along," remarked Mr. Winthrop.

"This does seem to be a curious country," said Stanwood.

"Yes; it has been described as a country of mountains, swamps and jungles. Only a small portion of it is cultivated. But we might as well get our luggage ready, and make the trip on the afternoon boat."

After returning to the hotel from an outing, Winfield made inquiries, and found that a boat, called Chow Phya made the trip on the following day, starting early in the morning. Several staterooms were engaged, and the luggage taken to the steamer the night before.

The steamer was a curiosity. In the first-class staterooms, there were chairs, but none elsewhere. Instead were rugs and mats in great profusion, which were occupied by travelers. The vessel left its anchorage at eight in the morning.

"This is a river somewhat like the Nile," said Mr. Winthrop. It overflows its banks each year, and for miles on each side will be found immense swamps, which do not dry out for months."

"How are they now? Are we here in the dry time of the year?"

"I believe this is the most favorable season for traveling in this country, otherwise I should not have advised a trip here."

The river had very well-defined banks, but they saw many curious sights on the shores. The most interesting were the immense numbers of monkeys. Before they were out an hour they noticed groups of them playing near the shores, leaping about the trees and taking part in some kind of game which they seemed to enjoy.

At numerous places effigies of Buddha were noticed, some of them almost hidden with the dense foliage. Then pagoda after pagoda was sighted, all being the shrines for the worship of the people, and everywhere could be seen a dozen or more people before them offering their devotions and also depositing their gifts.

The priests were ever near to take charge of the offerings and to bless the givers.

"Ah, there is a Parsee temple," said Mr. Winthrop, as he pointed to a secluded spot across a little space of ground, which seemed to be hidden by a ring of trees.

"It looks as though they intended to make a stop here," said Stanwood.

Such was really the case. With a few comical toots the little steamer began to hug the banks and soon slid alongside the primitive dock.

"I will ascertain how long we shall stay here. I am sure of one thing, and that is there will be plenty time to make a little excursion, as I have never known these people to be in a hurry," said Mr. Winthrop.

He addressed the purser, who informed him that the boat would not resume its voyage for an hour,

at least. Motioning to the boys he walked off, and they were soon in consultation with two sedan bearers.

They were carried through a grove of sago palms, the same as they had noticed everywhere along the shore. "Are these the kinds of tree from which the sago comes?" asked Winfield.

"Yes; but this other kind, that has a leaf like a fan, is called the Fan Palm, and it yields almond-shaped fruit which is made into an intoxicating beverage. Do you notice they are also tapping the tree and gathering the sap?"

"I noticed that in several places along the shore," observed Winfield.

"Sugar is made from the sap," said Mr. Winthrop.

They now passed through clusters of smaller trees which gave a delicious aroma. "What is it?" asked Stanwood.

"These are the spice trees. This country is full of the spices of commerce, from cloves and the aromatic nuts to the sandal trees."

On every hand were parrots in myriads, chattering in the trees. In their brilliant coloring, they added to the color of the leaves, which were of all shades and hues.

One of the trees, most attractive, was the pomegranate. It had brilliant scarlet-colored flowers, and most of them bore fruit. This is a fruit which quenches thirst, and is used by the natives for this purpose almost exclusively.

They proceeded directly to the temple which had

been pointed out before the vessel stopped. From the chimney top a smoke was lazily pouring.

"Well, of all things, that is the worst; to have a fire in this kind of weather," ventured Winfield.

"Yes; and that fire has not once gone out for four hundred years, so it is claimed," said Mr. Winthrop.

"Why not? What is it for?"

"It is the Parsee Temple, and they are fire worshippers. You can imagine how those with such a belief would feel to come into their temple to worship, and to find that the only evidence of divinity, a fire, should be missing."

Within the temple it was like all others, but there did not appear to be any particular rites, nor did they have a number of priests or votaries, nor was any begging permitted within the grounds connected with the temple.

The Parsees are all wealthy people, merchants, who were originally driven from India. They have settled throughout the eastern countries, and are highly regarded, as a class.

The travelers returned to the vessel a quarter of an hour before it swung away from the dock, and about three in the afternoon reached the landing place where they were to disembark, in order to proceed to the principal grounds belonging to the Emperor's Palace.

Through the trees, in the distance, could be seen the outlines of buildings, which once contained the Emperor's court. Every bit of wood and stone seemed to be covered with vines or with some trel-

lising shrub, which grew wonderfully in this warm climate.

The very road itself wound among closely-sprouted vegetable climbers, which found their way around the trees in bewildering fashion. Right in the midst of what might have once been a beautiful street, was a giant tree, the roots of which had actually overturned the great flat stones that formed part of the pavement.

The sedan carriers, knowing their business, took them directly to the front of the main building, pausing at the large openings, or doors, through which could be seen the extent of the interior. The roofs were all decayed, and instead of the gorgeous furniture that it once contained, there was nothing now but vegetation, vines and trees, and a thick bed of decaying leaves on the floors.

"Oh, look at those fine peaches," said Winfield.

"Yes; peaches growing on plum trees?" said Stanwood laughing.

"Where did you learn the names of trees?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

"My grandfather has a farm up in New York State, and Winfield and I have been there two summers. We know the names of the fruit trees, and what they look like," said Stanwood.

"Well, it is my opinion, your grandfather didn't have any fruit trees of that kind in York state," said Mr. Winthrop. "That is the nutmeg tree. Here, fellow," he said, motioning to the sedan man, "stop and get some of those samama."

The man understood, and dropping the chair he

grasped a limb bringing down a branch which held a dozen or more. It looked like a nectarine, a little larger, and more beautifully colored.

"Where is the nutmeg?" asked Winfield.

The man opened it with a knife, showing the interior, a pale brownish pink pulp all around the hard nut.

"Why here is the very tree that I took some samples from the first evening we landed in Bangkok; we saw that the stands were selling them everywhere, and intended to ask you what they were for," and Stanwood jumped from the chair and seized a small branch.

Mr. Winthrop examined it. "Oh, I see what you mean. It is the samay tree. The peculiar thing about it is, that if a stem of that tree should be ignited the whole tree would burn up."

"What, green as it is?"

"That matters not; the gum in the tree burns very easily. It is the sole wood used by the natives for cooking purposes."

While thus passing along they reached a canal, and the boys turned around in surprise. "This is a very common sight in the country. The canals are easily made and kept in repair. They traverse only the low lands, and facilitate the transportation of their products, so all are interested in keeping them up."

Everything was desolation here in the heart of the ancient capital. It did not seem possible that a great place like this should become so totally abandoned, to the will of nature, for at every turn

vast buildings were still standing, but crumbling to dust and falling, where the trees and the trailing vines did not hold them up.

Frequently, in the most unexpected places, would be seen a cottage, with considerable space around and carefully weeded, and the fruit tree apparently wild, attended to with great care, while the gardens would show equally good care, and present every kind of vegetable, all growing luxuriantly.

At one place the boys saw more than a dozen children, the eldest not more than twelve years of age, making mud pies. It looked so natural that Stanwood could not help laughing aloud, and the little kiddies, with the single loose garment, stood in a row, and looked up with wondering eyes at the intruders, but did not seem at all abashed.

While thus examining the main parts of the city, they heard faint noises, of a peculiar nature, like a heavy *huh,* that was repeated by a chorus of similar sounds.

"What is that noise? I have heard it ever since we reached the palace," asked Winfield.

"Those are the sacred elephants."

"Are we near them?"

"I don't think it is much over a quarter of a mile away. Our men are going there direct."

"What sort of a place is it?"

"It is the Emperor's kraal, where the elephants are kept."

"That will be dandy," said Stanwood, and the boys had eager eyes for the great enclosure.

The kraal, or kraals, for there are several at this place, are made of immense timbers, none of them less than a foot in diameter, which are driven into the ground about a foot apart, so they form a wall about twelve feet in height.

These uprights are bound together by several series of ties, which are also of timbers, lashed to the posts. Most of the wood thus used is teak, a tree which is the most valuable to be found in Siam.

"Is that long tall tree called the teak tree?" asked Winfield.

"Yes, those with the immense leaves. They are usually 12 to 14 inches in length."

"What makes it such a valuable wood?" asked Stanwood.

"Because it is easily worked, and when once dried it is very hard, and on account of the resinous oil found in it, the lumber cut from it is a valuable wood. It resists water, and does not corrode iron, like oak."

While speaking they caught the first glimpse of the enclosure. As they approached, several elephants were observed quietly stripping the leaves from branches which had been strewn within.

"How can we find out about the hunts?" said Stanwood.

"I know several of the officials here, fortunately," said Mr. Winthrop. "If they are anticipating a hunt it is possible some of them may be here."

The sedan carriers had some difficulty in making

their way through the brush and vines, but when the vicinity of the Kraal was reached it was more open. Beyond was a group of large elephants, and beyond a dozen, or more, tied to trees, some of them giving forth the peculiar *huh* which had attracted the boys' attention.

Before they had time to encircle the Kraal they noticed several of the keepers guiding some of the large tame animals, and directing them toward the confined ones. "I wonder what they are up to now?" said Stanwood.

Each of the tame animals had a strong harness, and it was now observed that the wild, and tethered ones had heavy bands around their bodies. One of the keepers marched his charge close alongside the wild specimen, and quickly attaching the harness to the band, the shackles on the feet were entirely removed.

The tame elephant started off, partly dragging the wild one, and the latter, now seeing that his feet were free, began to swing his giant trunk and raise his head, as he began to trumpet. The tame beast, at every attempt of his wild brother to escape or to act wildly, would throw his trunk over the head and give an admonitory shake.

This would, for the moment, bring him to his senses, and then the same thing would be repeated over and over. But where were they going, asked the boys. The sedan man understood their questionings.

"They go to drinkee," and saying that trotted along with the chairs and ran around the corner

of the enclosure, thus bringing them much nearer the animals.

The great tame animal had the mastery on the way to the stream, as he knew just what to do. The singular thing about it was, that the wild was as large, if not larger, than the tame one, but the latter had done this same thing over and over, and he took a sort of pride in handling the recalcitrant one.

The sedan men deposited them just outside the Kraal at the edge of the little stream and not more than twenty feet from the other animals.

"Just look at the way that fellow blinks, and I believe he is actually laughing, at the way he brought the other one down," said Winfield.

"I can credit that," was Mr. Winthrop's reply. "Many marvelous stories have been told of the shrewdness of these animals. One tale in particular, has always appealed to me, and it is current here and believed by every one. Long ago, in the Emperor's service, was a keeper, who was gifted above all others and who acquired the love of all the animals within the sacred Kraal.

"But he had a rival who sought the Emperor's favors, and he knew that as long as Chung was in the Kraal he could never aspire to royal honors. After one of the drives, which takes place once or twice each year, they captured the greatest beast that had ever been taken. His size and strength were so great, that every one marveled.

"The Emperor's law was that he must have the first pick of all the animals and the rest would

then be sold for use of haulers of wood, and that is the custom now. Meinu was the jealous rival, and fearing that the task would be given him to conquer the great animal, he knew that if he failed his career would be ended.

"So he connived with the powers that decided those things, to give the task to Chung, and Chung knew that the designation was the work of his rival. When the time came he went to four of the most faithful animals, and whispered into their ears. He said that Meinu was his enemy and had contrived to make him undertake the conquest of Shino, the name bestowed on the great elephant.

"It is said that the animals nodded, and when the day came, the entire country was filled around about the Kraal, and special seats were erected to hold the people. The tame animals are never tethered, as you will see. It was that way in those days, and the four great animals into whose ears Chung had whispered were standing free.

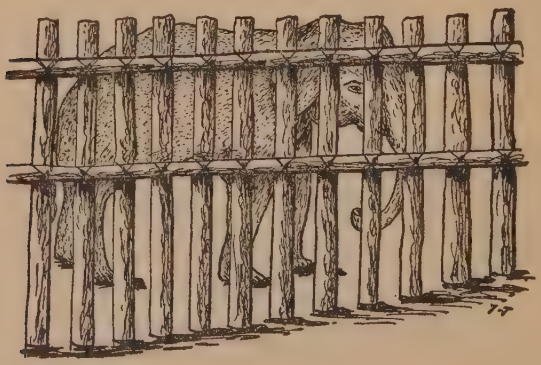
"Chung selected one of the animals, and with his harness attached the beast to Shino; the latter, after a contemptuous *huh,* turned on the tame one, and with one swing of its ponderous trunk, almost rolled it over, the only thing that prevented being the lashing which held them.

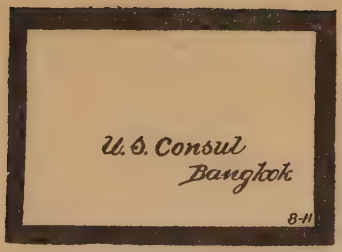
"Chung was thrown from his seat at the first impact, which was far more terrific than had ever been known. The superior intelligence of the tame beast was the one offset against the giant strength, for the time being, and the keeper, by his skill, knew how to direct the defense.

"Then a terrible thing happened. The lashing which held the two together broke. It is said that when this happens there is sure to be a funeral. The moment this broke the wild animal had a great advantage on his side, and Meinu, Chung's rival, cried out in joy at the sight.

"Then another unexpected thing happened. One of the four elephants that Chung had confided in, sprang upon Meinu, and seizing him, bore him aloft across the grounds, toward the combatants, while the two remaining, as though acting on a signal, rushed down and attacked the great elephant on opposite sides.

"Poor Meinu was thrown under the feet of the beasts, and the four thereupon grasped the ponderous antagonist, and held him tightly to the earth while one of them held Chung aloft, as to say: 'he is triumphant.'"





CHAPTER VIII

DEATH OF THEIR FRIEND

This story lent special interest to the proceedings before them, and after the captive animal had finally been led to the brink of the river, he stood there sullenly and refused to drink. The tame beast waited patiently, for a few minutes, and the keeper said something. In response he reached over, grasped the trunk of the savage animal, and forced it down to the water.

Winfield declared he could see the tame elephant blink his eyes, while he was holding the trunk, adding, "That elephant said, as plainly as I am now saying it: 'You won't drink, eh?' "

"I'd believe one story as quickly as the other," answered Stanwood.

"And both may be true," responded Mr. Winthrop.

The next step after seeing the elephants, was to find the way around to the main keeper's lodge, which was accomplished finally, and there they learned that on the following day one of the of-

ficials that Mr. Winthrop inquired about would arrive.

"Then we had better remain but we must, in the meantime, find a good place to stay, and that is not the easiest thing in this section."

A little inn was found, however, upon the recommendation of one of the keepers and no sooner had they arrived there before Mr. Winthrop complained of feeling very ill and was compelled to retire at once.

In the morning he was much better, and insisted on seeing the official. They learned that the great elephant drive would take place four days from that time,—or, to be more accurate, the officials would start for the north in four days, and the drive would take place three days after the start.

This was glorious news to the boys, and Mr. Winthrop appreciated it as much. "It is now five years since I have enjoyed this sport, although in my younger days I hunted elephants in places and under circumstances where there is not as much safety as we shall experience next week."

"What shall we do in the meantime?" asked Winfield.

"It would be too dreary to stay here. Two courses are left open," remarked Mr. Winthrop. "One to proceed to the north, in the neighborhood of the wild elephant country, and await the coming of the hunters, or to return to Bangkok, and come up with the official party."

"I like that suggestion to go on to the north," said Stanwood.

"Then that will be agreeable all around. A small steamer goes north about four hundred miles from this place, and from the last town directly to the west,. across a mountain, is another river, called the Salwin, one of the principal rivers in lower Burma. Steamers go down this river and cross the bay, and will land us in Rangoon."

"How far is it across the mountain?" asked Winfield.

"Not exceeding a hundred miles."

"That suits me," he remarked, and they were returning to the inn when Mr. Winthrop had another severe attack. This alarmed the boys.

"Mr. Winthrop, we do not think you ought to take the trip in the uncomfortable places you suggested. I think we had better go back to Bangkok," said Stanwood.

The old man looked at the boys quietly for a moment. "Yes, he said, I am afraid it is the only course to follow. I have had these attacks too often not to heed the warning. Make arrangements at once."

Fortunately, the boat would leave in the morning, so he was made comfortable, but whenever they went into his room during the night, they found him writing, and in the morning there was quite a batch of letters. He was unusually cheerful, so that the spirits of the boys were very much raised.

They had grown to love the man. It seemed as though they filled in just what had been lacking in his life. There was not an inquiry, or a doubt, on

the part of either of the boys, but interested him. He liked to answer their eager questions, and appreciated the kindly manner they had shown from the first to make him comfortable.

Before they left for the boat he had the third attack, and, although for a time it was not believed he would recover, he was eventually taken aboard the boat a few moments before sailing, owing to the determination of the boys to see it done.

He was placed in a comfortable position, and the boys never left his bedside during the four hours required to make the trip. Winfield had just left his side for a moment, as they were approaching the landing place, when Stanwood saw a pall spread over the features of the old man. He rushed out calling loudly for Winfield, and the physician, who was aboard, came in hurriedly, and knelt by his bedside.

The boys saw the few convulsive movements of Mr. Winthrop, and then his features relaxed, and he was quiet. Winfield stood there watching until the final moment, absolutely dazed. Stanwood could not believe that death had come. It was only when the physician arose, bowed gravely to the Captain, and adjusted the sheets, that they began to realize what had happened.

Stanwood was the first to break down, and the tears gushed forth. Winfield could not restrain himself. They had been with Mr. Winthrop less than two weeks, but it seemed as though they had known him for years.

After they had somewhat recovered, they stood

outside of the little cabin where their friend lay, and conversed between sobs. "What in the world shall we do with him?" asked Stanwood.

"We must have him taken to the Oriental Hotel. I think he still has some things there, but anyhow, that seems to be the only thing I can think of," said Winfield.

When the steamer had finally anchored the Captain consulted the boys and they told him Mr. Winthrop's body must be taken to the Oriental Hotel, and this was carried out.

Stanwood carried the little leather case which contained Mr. Winthrop's letters, and as they entered the Hotel he said: "I think we ought to mail these letters, because he has all of them stamped,—all except two. One big one here is addressed to the U. S. Consul, Bangkok, and the other one to us," he remarked almost in a shriek.

"Find out where the U. S. Consul is first," said Winfield.

Together they rushed over to the clerk. "Where can we find the U. S. Consul?" asked Stanwood.

"He has been sent for," said the clerk, "and may be here any moment. Ah, there he is. You want him on account of the unfortunate death of your friend, Mr. Winthrop? That was sad, indeed."

They delivered the unstamped letter to Mr. Walker, the Consul. He slowly opened it, and after reading, glanced at the boys. "Are you the young men Stanwood and Winfield?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you must be at my office in the morning, as this letter concerns you, among other things," he remarked.

"Do you know what should be done with him?" asked Winfield.

"Yes; this letter makes all disposition of his affairs, and as the representative of the United States, he looks to me to see that his wishes are carried out, as is the custom where any of our citizens die in foreign lands."

Stanwood still held the sealed letter in his hands. They walked through the hotel, and finally went into the room they occupied before going to Aythusia. They could not summon up courage to go into Mr. Winthrop's room.

Stanwood looked at the letter, as though in a trance. "I never felt so badly about anything in my life," he said, and his emotions overcame him.

Winfield turned his head. But soon the duties of the present forced themselves on the boys' minds and Stanwood slowly opened the letter. "Here is what the letter says," he remarked, and Winfield turned around and gazed at it without uttering a word.

It was written in a neat hand, and clearly legible. It ran as follows:

"Dear Winfield and Stanwood:

"I am impelled to write this letter tonight, as I fear tomorrow will be too late. You may recall that when I first met you I withheld some informa-

tion that I said might interest you. I wanted to tell you that tonight, but feared you would think I was a weak and silly old man. The first day that you, Winfield, waited on me on shipboard, I inquired for your name. When you told me I was delighted as that is my first name. When you said you were traveling around the world with a friend, and you told me his name was Stanwood, I could hardly contain myself, because that is my second name.

"You will recall how quickly I made a suggestion to you to enter my service. For twenty years I have roamed the seas and traveled through many lands. I had few friends, and none who had any real affection for me. I saw, very soon, that you were earnest and sincere, and were trying to educate yourselves, to which you added a desire to be just and frank with every one. Your experiences interested me; I loved to hear you talk, and argue about the many things that you met in your travels.

"It brought back much of my early life, and I never was happy unless you were near me.

"I may pass away at any time. I feel it is a duty to make a partial recompense for the pleasure you have given me. In one year from today you will learn what provision I have made for your future welfare. The information will be furnished you by Mr. Walker, U. S. Consul at Bangkok, to whom you will apply immediately in case of my death.

"I regret that I may not be able to go much further with you, but it has been my ambition to ac-

company you to your journey's end. If this should be denied me I may still be of service to you. Mr. Walker has instructions to pay you the amounts due for services rendered, and has also other instructions, which he will explain.

"The other letters accompanying this, and which are provided with the necessary postage should be mailed as soon after my death as possible, and the one to Mr. Walker handed to him promptly. Your hotel expenses at the Oriental are provided for, however long you may remain, and Mr. Walker will also hand you transportation tickets to Ban Kow, on the Mei Ping River, the place we intended starting for, when I had my first attack.

"And now, good-by to both of you, and my final greeting is given with the hope and the belief that you will become honorable men, and that you will treat those with whom you come into contact the same as I have tried to treat you. God bless you!

"WINFIELD STANWOOD WINTHROP."

Winfield took the letter and read it over, after Stanwood had done so. "Isn't that a queer thing?" he said. "Winfield Stanwood! I wondered what the initials W. S. stood for."

"Then in the morning we must see Mr. Walker, and get the information from him. But how long should we stay here? All our expenses are paid at this place, you know," said Stanwood.

"That is so," said Winfield, musing. "But, I tell you, I don't feel like staying here."

Stanwood almost smiled, notwithstanding the

gravity of the circumstances. "Indeed, I feel about it that way myself. I couldn't go about this place, and know Mr. Winthrop wasn't here. It wouldn't be right."

"Then, as soon as the funeral is over, and everything is settled, let us take the boat," said Winfield.

The body was embalmed, placed in a handsome casket, and afterwards prepared for shipment to Boston, as they learned from Mr. Walker that afternoon. Early in the morning they called on the Consul, and he made the following statement:

"In accordance with the will of Mr. Winthrop there is placed at your disposal, within one year from date, or earlier, if the estate he is connected with can be settled, a certain sum of money, which is to be used for your education and maintenance. He enjoins on me to keep the amount a secret from you, preferring that the amount shall be known only when it is formally turned over to you.

"He has also instructed me to pay you forty dollars, due on his agreement with you, and to state, further, that he has placed in my hands a certain sum of money, which shall be used by me in order to aid you on your travels, and until you return to New York. This sum, however, is not to be used in such a manner that it will, in any way, interfere with the honorable carrying out of an agreement made with one Mr. Castleton.

"I do not know who this Castleton is," continued Mr. Walker, "but it is evident that this matter is one left wholly to your own sense of

honor, and I have, of course, nothing to do with that."

"But, Mr. Walker, there isn't forty dollars due us. We haven't been with him more than ten days," said Stanwood.

"I can only follow instructions. I think, however, he calculated that you would be here for some days, and that would easily make up the two weeks. If you wish to remain here six months for that matter there would be ample funds to pay for your bills here," added Mr. Walker.

The boys were dumfounded at the revelations. It did not seem possible. "I must have your addresses," continued Mr. Walker, "that is your home addresses and I have instructed the New York Trust Company to advise you when the matter pertaining to the legacy is ready for distribution."

"We have made up our minds that we cannot remain here," said Stanwood. "The hotel does not seem right now, and we want to get away from it as quickly as possible."

"I can appreciate your feelings. Then you may leave tomorrow?"

"Yes; unless there is something we can do?" answered Winfield.

"No; the body will be shipped today by steamer, and you will have paid the last sad rites of respect when you return from the ship."

At three o'clock that afternoon it was a small party which followed the coffin to its locker in the ship which was to carry their friend to his last

resting place, and when they returned to the hotel they were different boys. They had enjoyed life to its fullest extent, and had a taste of that bitterness which goes with death.

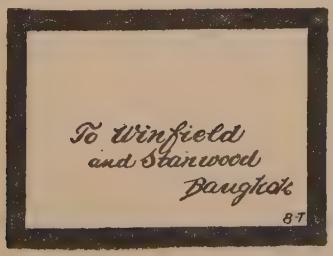
After reaching the hotel they wandered around in a peculiar, aimless sort of way, with that singular feeling which it is impossible to describe.

Even the tall, vari-colored hats, which the marchers wore, the banners with hideous monsters on them, and the dancing girls who marched behind, did not seem to excite their curiosity. They stood there listlessly, while the procession swept by, accompanied by numerous people on the sidewalks, all of them natives, until they were astounded to hear one of the Siamese girls say: "He will be buried at the Kiaw Pagoda."

"Did you hear her speak English?" said Stanwood, as he grasped Winfield's arm.

"Yes; then this is a funeral?" responded Winfield.

They did not stop to inquire how it happened that they heard English thus spoken on the street by natives, but the fact is that many Siamese girls are sent to this country, as well as to England and France, to learn the languages.



CHAPTER IX

THE TALISMEN

The boys had actually chosen the better part, when they decided that they must go on. They simply could not bear the sight or sound of the hotel, from the moment they entered it after the funeral procession to the boat.

Wherever they went it seemed as though they had left something undone,—that Mr. Winthrop was still there and they had neglected him.

"When does that boat go?" asked Stanwood, that evening.

"Somewhere between eight and nine in the morning," answered Winfield.

"Well, I am ready, and the morning can't come too soon for me!" remarked Stanwood.

Long before it was time to start the boys wandered down to the mooring place, where they were to board the steamer, and then walked along the landing places where the little vessels were discharging their cargoes.

"You asked me some time ago," said Winfield,

"why it is that the men here don't wear beards. Look at that fellow sitting on the high stool."

They noticed a man, with a tall stool; in the lower enclosed body of the seat were several compartments, containing the implements of a barber's outfit,—combs, brushes, trays, a little stove, soap, cosmetics, and scissors.

A man was seated on this stool, and the barber engaged in drawing out individual hairs with a small pair of pincers, the man meanwhile making grimaces, as the occasion demanded. All barber shops, except those in the best hotels, are portable, and practically like the one just described.

They could not resist the temptation to enter one of the curly-cue shops, for that is what they call them there, small bakeries where the specialty is the making of little cakes in the shape of the figure 8, and in imitation of elephants, as well as of the other animals with which the people of Siam are so familiar.

Then they stopped at a place which had always a fascination for them, but since they arrived in the country their constant attendance of Mr. Winthrop had prevented them from investigating. It was a shop where they sold curiously-formed nuts, and singularly-shaped shells, together with curios which they had not noticed elsewhere in their travels, except in Canton.

They walked in, and carefully examined the many specimens. The proprietor, very polite and condescending, stood aloof for a time, while the boys talked, and commented on the various things.

Then with a deferential bow, he stepped up and said, in excellent English: "These are, no doubt, great curiosities to you, but they mean a great deal to the people in this country."

They were delighted to hear him speak, and showed by their actions that his advances were appreciated. "What are they?" asked Stanwood.

"They are amulets, worn by every one," he answered.

"What for?"

"To ward off evils, to serve as charms against enemies, and to prevent bad luck," he answered.

"And do the people really believe that these things will do them any good?" asked Winfield.

"Yes, indeed;" he responded, smiling, and showing his beautiful teeth through the parted lips.

Winfield looked at Stanwood, and also smiled, but the man was not at all perturbed. "What is this nice little book? I never saw such a little one," said Stanwood.

"That is the Koran Talisman," he replied.

"And what is that?"

"It contains the sacred passages of the Moslem Bible. Will you take that?" he asked.

"Yes; what is it worth?"

"One tical."

"Let me see; one tical is sixty cents," said Winfield. "Thank you," he said, as the man attached a ribbon.

"What is that for?" asked Stanwood.

"So that you can wear it. To be of any value it must be worn; this is the way. Put it around the neck; so."

"I think I will take one, too," added Stanwood, "but I want the one with a different color; the one there with black on it."

"Ah, that is a special charm. This will ward against all enemies, and the cost is one tical and two Salung."

As they marched out of the place Stanwood turned around and said: "I think we got out of the place pretty cheaply, don't you? To think that the fellow should try and stuff us with the idea that these things would be any protection to us?" and he laughed heartily as they hurriedly made their way to the landing.

Not long after that the boys had reason to thank the man in that store for urging them to buy, for the very things which they then derided were the means of saving their lives.

Alongside of the dock where they were to take the launch for the steamer, was a junk discharging a lot of roots. They gave forth a not unpleasant odor, and it appeared to be a familiar one too. Winfield's curiosity was too much for him. He picked up a small piece, and found it to be sassafras.

This discovery led them to investigate other forms, for dozens of different kinds were being dumped out, as fast as the coolies could carry them from the hold of the junks.

One lot tied in small bundles was quickly ascer-

tained to be the genuine licorice root, but they were long in finding out the name of a peculiarly yellow product, the broken tubers showing that they were yellow throughout. This was the saffron flower, compressed into long sticks, for ease in handling, and used for coloring confectionery, and also for dyeing purposes.

Once on the boat they sat down in contemplation. Again they were free, but they did not enjoy the freedom. Ever and again Mr. Winthrop's name would come up in their discussion, and would always end with the one question: "What shall we know next year?"

One of the most prominent games on board of these boats is dominoes and the pieces used are generally of ivory. It is a game indulged in by the nobles and the wealthy, hence they would not think of using inferior material.

The players would be seated on rugs, or reclining on low mats, opposite each other, and however exciting the contest they would remain calm and unimpassioned. Those around, however, would frequently give vent to expressions of excitement, at the various shrewd moves.

The run to Aythusia requires four hours, and to Ban Kow, fully twenty-four hours more, so they hoped to be at the landing place the next evening and be enabled to leave that place for the overland trip the day following.

In the forenoon of the next day the boat, after many admonitory whistles, drew up alongside of a dock which proved to be the landing place of the

city of Rahang, capital of the province of that name.

Long before the vessel stopped they could see crowds of people, and along the shores miles below were gaily-dressed people, all going toward that city. "I suppose it is some festival, or other," remarked Stanwood.

A native seated near, after giving a polite bow, said: "The great elephant drive takes place near here tomorrow."

The boys jumped to their feet in an instant. "That is where Mr. Winthrop had made arrangement to take us," said Winfield.

"I beg your pardon, but who is Mr. Winthrop?" asked the man.

"He was our friend, but he died three days ago," answered Stanwood.

"Yes; I heard about him. The papers in Bangkok referred to it several times. But would you like to attend?" he asked.

The boys looked at each other, and finally came to a joint conclusion. "It would be nice to see it, because they say it is a wonderful sight."

"Then it will give me great pleasure to assist in entertaining you."

"Thank you for the kind offer," said Winfield. "But we really do not feel like intruding on you."

"No intrusion at all," he replied. "The king's keepers are aboard, and when we go over to the main rail, I shall call on you to attend," he said with a smile.

An hour thereafter the boys found themselves

installed in a comfortable hotel, and watched with great interest the preparations which were being carried on for the rounding up of the animals on the following day.

Leaving the hotel they started on their usual jaunt about the town which was very quaint, the streets being narrow and laid out without any regard for angles or for the spaces between. The houses were all single storied and a fortunate circumstance enabled them to see the inside of one of them before they had journeyed far.

As they turned the corner of one of these so-called streets, a child, probably three years of age, was accidentally struck by one of the jinrickishas, and violently thrown across the way. Stanwood was the first to notice the infant, and he sprang forward instantly, in time to grasp it before another vehicle could strike it.

Immediately they heard a scream, and when Winfield turned he saw a woman rushing toward them wildly. Stanwood suspecting that it was the mother's voice, was only too glad to avail himself of the opportunity to get rid of his burden.

As she sprang up to the boy she grasped the child, and said, "Thank you, thank you! but you do look so much like Americans."

Winfield stammered a reply, for all of this came very suddenly. Immediately a man appeared, to whom the woman spoke in Siamese. He motioned for them to follow, and turning the corner, entered one of the cottages.

"I was educated in America, and to think that

two Americans should save my baby," she said, as she hugged the infant. "This is my husband but he does not understand English. He asks me to thank you in his behalf."

"We are very glad to hear that you have been in America, and it is a pleasure to do what we did, although we are not deserving of much credit for it," said Stanwood.

"While tea is being prepared I should like to show you our garden," she said. The boys passed out through the rear of the house, and entered an enclosure, such as they had seen attached to most of the dwellings.

Flowers, of course, were in abundance everywhere, as it is here considered a religious duty to cultivate them. But the principal object of interest was the vegetable garden, for there, planted in rows, or patches, and all neatly kept, they saw celery, onions, beans, peas, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, onions, cucumbers, melons, parsley, garlic and radishes, all good American vegetables, besides fully a dozen more varieties of eatables of which the boys could not get the proper names.

"Is this your private garden?" asked Stanwood, in astonishment.

"Yes," she replied.

"But are all the vegetables for your own use? Don't you make a business of selling them?" he asked.

"No," she replied with a smile. "My husband is one of the Emperor's keepers in the Kraal, but

we raise the vegetables so we may be able to help those who are not so fortunate, and to contribute to the bonzes when they call."

"Then your husband will be at the great drive tomorrow?" asked Winfield.

"Yes, indeed;" she answered, with pride.

"You may tell him that we have stopped off especially to see the sport, and that some official told us he would call for us in the morning."

With a great deal of animation this information was imparted by her to her husband, and his eyes grew brighter and brighter, as the recital went on. "My husband will see that you have the best positions; you may depend on that," she then said, with the greatest enthusiasm.

Returning to the house they had an opportunity of getting the first glimpse of the inside of a Siamese home. It was wholly built of bamboo poles, and lined interiorily with the finest of silk, all the walls being decorated with that form of art so peculiar to the East.

The furnishings were made of rush and palm mats, woven with exquisite skill, and in a variety of patterns. The rush, although thoroughly dried, was, nevertheless a pale green, which color it always retained.

The particular articles of furniture noticed were several very low tables, made of reed and bamboo. Then ranged around on the different pieces of furniture, or low, stool-like arrangements, were rattan baskets, and vessels, some of large size, which were cut from the bamboo reed.

It is not uncommon in this country for bamboo to grow so that at the base the diameter will be over six inches, and such trees are usually from the mountain country, where they are of slow growth, and consequently harder in texture than the quickly-growing variety.

Numerous bronze and brass jugs were observed, and Mrs. Motwa took delight in pointing out the objects and explaining their uses. "This brass jug is the only one we use for drinking purposes, but it is never allowed to touch the lips in drinking."

The boys smiled, and she looked at them quizzically for a moment. "Pardon me, Mrs. Motwa, but if the lips are not permitted to touch the bowl, in what way can you drink from it?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes; that was very stupid of me, I know. I should have added that we always keep a lot of these leaves in this jardinière, near by. It is a small palm leaf, as you see; a little trough is made, one end of which is held between the lips, while the water is poured into the trough from the bowl, and thus conveyed to the mouth."

That night they witnessed a curious form of entertainment, and more than a dozen theatres of this same character were in operation. Of course, the places of entertainment were not large, some of them being planned to hold not over a hundred people.

The usual charge for entrance was one Salung, equal to about fifteen cents, and the show usually

lasted from two to four hours. Sometimes in these eastern countries, and notably in China, a theatrical play will take days to complete it.

Frequently the plays are excessively dreary, and the waits are of considerable duration between the acts. Some witty American has said that the difference between a Chinese and a home theatre might be expressed as follows: In America they often have dreary acts between the waits, and in China dreary waits between the acts.

The entertainment at the little theatre which the boys attended that night seemed to be of the highest class, judging from the character of the people present. There was first a long and serious dialogue between several players, which occupied considerable time. The actors made no gestures, did not smile, or become excited in the least, while performing, and only once did the audience indicate anything that seemed to be in the nature of applause.

A portion of the time was occupied by a series of silhouettes, all thrown on a screen, in the form of shadows. The actors on the screen were formed by the fingers and hands, many of them exhibiting real ingenuity. One of the scenes represented a wolf, attacking a child. The attempt to escape, and the agony of the face, were well illustrated by the two artists who took the parts with their mute fingers.

The elephant was shown in his wild state, and confined within a kraal, the fingers of one performer being held up to show the posts of the en-

closure, and the two elephants depicted trying to escape.

Early the next morning the boys were startled by the appearance of a singularly-garbed man who carried a white flag, on which was painted the figure of an elephant. The attendants at the hotel who announced him came to the boys in apparent awe, to deliver the envelope, on one corner of which was a red seal.

Winfield opened the envelope. It contained a square card, on which was a certain amount of printing, unintelligible, of course, but accompanying this was a sheet of delicate paper, which had printed, in English, the following:

"*With my compliments. To be presented to the Chief Officer.*

SHAMONO,
Secretary."

"What does this mean?" said Winfield, as he looked over both documents.

"The messenger bowed, and said: "I can explain, if you will permit me?"

"Thank you for offering that, because we know nothing about these things," said Winfield.

"The carriers who will take you to the train are at the door, and I am instructed to go with you," he said, quite fluently.

"Oh, that means the elephant hunt," said Stanwood. "We appreciate your kindness," he continued. "We were just wondering what to do, and how to reach the grounds."

"It will take three hours of hard riding to get there, and we must start early," he continued.

"How do we go, by train?" asked Stanwood.

"Oh, no, there are no such things in this part of the country. We will ride the elephants there and back."

This was, indeed the acme of joy. To ride the elephants, and to witness the hunt in this unique way of traveling, was something they had not expected.

They were ready within ten minutes, and after emerging from the door of the hotel, saw most of the occupants of the building assembled, staring at a great elephant which had a huge white covering and a wide border, spread over its back, while hundreds of tinseled tassels swung from the edges of the blanket and glittered in the sun.

On top of the elephant was a huge, covered palanquin, with four posts, interiorily trimmed with a brilliant red. The side of the blanket had a seal, the same exactly as the boys had noticed on the card which the secretary had enclosed.

"That is one of the Emperor's elephants," said the clerk of the hotel slyly to the boys, as they passed out. This was the first intimation that the man who had thus invited them was the Secretary of the Emperor, or belonged to the sovereign's household.

Notwithstanding the circumstances, the boys really felt sheepish, to see the deference paid them as they passed out. They mounted the ladder which took them to the top, and the attendant,

who also followed, motioned to the footman, who guided the animal, to proceed.

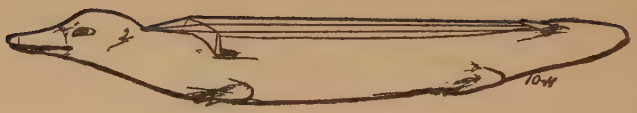
"This seems as though a fellow is up in a mountain," remarked Winfield.

"I have noticed that all feel about it the same way, at the first experience," said the attendant.

As the great beast drew up his trunk, and raised the first foot, the boys noticed the people bow very low. They afterwards learned, that as the animal is a sacred one it was necessary for every one to bow to it.

There was room within the canopied enclosure on the animal's back for six passengers, and when the Kraal was reached four more were conducted to the top, one an Englishman and an enthusiast in sports of this character.

"I can never forget the last hunt I had in the regions north of this some five years ago. I had a pal then, a fine fellow, and we did the hunting without any of these aids; but I am getting a little too old to rough it as we did in those days," commented their newly-found friend.



CHAPTER X

THE ELEPHANT HUNT

The other occupants of the Howdashie were natives, but only one of them, the attendant, could understand English. When they marched away from the Kraal and were lined up along the wide lane which extended to the east, over fifty elephants, similarly garbed, and loaded, were observed, and after waiting for some time, they were surprised to see a whole train of elephants come up in their rear and pass along the avenue.

Without any difficulty the drivers of the animals backed the incoming ones to the opposite side and the two lines of loaded elephants awaited the next step.

"Do you know what they are waiting for?" asked Stanwood.

"For the Emperor," remarked the Englishman.

It would not have been necessary for any one to tell the boys that the occupant of the foremost elephant, which now hove in sight, was some superior person. The animal was much whiter than the others. As it has already been observed, the animals are not at all white but of a peculiar gray color, although the Emperor's mount was a num-

ber of shades whiter than any of the others in the two facing rows.

But this was not the only remarkable thing they observed. All other elephants were simply pigmies, in comparison. An extra foot in the height of a man, makes him a giant in the eyes of people, but a foot, or two, added to the height of an animal of such proportions as the Siamese elephants attain, makes them seem like monsters.

The elephant on which the boys were mounted was within five of the end of their row, so they had a good opportunity of observing the ceremony performed by the attendants when the Great Sacred Beast passed.

The animals on both sides dropped to their knees for a moment, while all the natives in the palanquins dropped to their knees and bowed their heads, so as to shut out the sight of the passing Eminence. We imagine the boys had a fair glimpse through the cracks of the fingers, for they seemed to know just what had happened from the time the Emperor entered the files until he emerged at the other end.

By common consent they agreed that the Emperor never moved his head from side to side but sat there stolidly and that no one raised his head or again sat upright until the five elephants forming the Emperor's train had passed.

No sooner had the Royal guard passed, than the elephants at the tail of the two lines began to turn to each other, and follow after the Imperial suite. Thus the train to the hunting ground

was made up of fifty pairs of white elephants, with over two hundred and fifty men in the tops, on a three hours' march to the hunting grounds of these animals.

During the passage of the Royal pageant there was no conversation, but when the line was formed jollity returned and men greeted each other as they passed by. Those on the animals were the principal men in the different parts of the kingdom and their friends.

It must not be assumed that these were all the people who attended the great hunt. For days the sedan bearers, and other forms of conveyances, were busy taking people to the vicinity where the drive would take place. It was, certainly, a distinction to be carried to the hunt in a royal equipage.

"I started to say," remarked the Englishman, "that I shall never forget the last hunt we had on the plains far to the north of this, where it is exceedingly wild, but Winthrop and myself,—"

"Winthrop, did you say? Winthrop?" asked both boys, in excitement.

"Yes; is that an unusual name?" he inquired.

"Winfield Stanwood Winthrop?" added Stanwood.

"Yes; as I now think of it, that was his name."

"He was our friend. This is Stanwood; and my name is Winfield."

He adjusted his glasses more firmly, and gazed at both of them. "By jove! that is curious. Where did you know him?"

"In Bangkok."

"When?" he cried, springing up.

"He died four days ago."

"Died four days ago, you say? and in Bangkok, too?" and he dropped back and slowly nodded his head.

The boys were silent, and he did not fail to notice that they were deeply affected. "So you are Winfield and Stanwood," he said softly.

"Do you know anything about that?" asked Stanwood, eagerly as he heard the Englishman's words.

"About what do you ask?" he inquired, again interested.

"About the names," said Winfield.

"Nothing but that his full name was Winfield Stanwood. There must be something back of it all, from what you say, but of course, I have no knowledge of it."

The procession crossed a large river, the animals plunging in and safely carrying the caravan to the opposite side. It was an inspiring sight to see one hundred elephants, all gaily caparisoned and topped with palanquins, marching down the banks on one side and up the steep on the opposite side.

After passing the second river, the character of the country changed. They began to ascend and the timber grew larger, and in some places forests began to show themselves but the beasts went through without stopping.

"Do you know what that tree is which has the

large number of blossoms all over it?" asked Winfield.

"That is the Cypress tree, the identical kind spoken of in the Bible."

"I also notice that they have a great many teakwood trees in this section," said Stanwood, as he pointed to several of them with the large leaves. "I have wondered all along what that tree is called with the yellow leaves and the yellow flowers."

"That is the rosewood tree, and to the right you may see another which is still more interesting."

"Do you mean the one with the small smooth leaves?"

"Yes the large trees, which are standing there together. That is ebony. The wood is black in this country, although in South America the wood is differently colored. I suppose you know that all the temples here are constructed of teakwood, as that is regarded as the most valuable of all in this country."

Shortly before twelve o'clock they approached an open plateau, few large trees being seen near at hand. In the distance, however, were many evidences of forests. A single flag, not a half mile distant, interested the entire party.

"I feel sure," said the Englishman, "that we are near the great Kraal, and as we have arrived before noon it is possible we shall have some refreshments before the round-up commences."

Shortly after the elephant stopped before a medley of small buildings, all of which appeared to have been built ages ago. The ladder was pro-

duced and all descended. After watching the people arriving in their state "carriages," the boys followed the lead of the Englishman and were soon greeted by the Secretary who had so kindly sent the invitation.

Elephant riding is not the most enjoyable mode of transportation. It is one of the things which must be acquired. The riding is easier than on camel-back, but it is admitted by all that when the camel's motion is once mastered, it is comparatively comfortable. Not so with the elephant's movement, because, while a sure-footed animal, it has many cranky little jerks, that come on all unawares. Some attribute this to the fact that the rider is mounted very high above the joint of the legs, whereas in a camel the mount is much lower comparatively.

Whatever it was the boys were ravenously hungry when the animal stopped. They crowded into one of the buildings, with a number of others, while the food, which was most abundant and appetizing, was being spread out on the teak tables.

Every one was in a highly-excited condition and it was soon learned that the drivers were within ten miles, and might be expected to reach the head of the kraal within three hours.

And now a few words of explanation, as to the character of these annual hunts. In this section, which is among the most noted in the country for this sort of sport, are two mountain ranges, or ridges, running nearly parallel, but approaching each other near the southern ends.

Elephants are not partial to high hills, and prefer the plains. Moreover, the feeding is better in the low or level lands. At a convenient place, an immense kraal is built, not circular in form, but rather long and narrow and this has a large Y-shaped opening.

Behind this is one still smaller, and also a third of still less capacity, all being joined together by means which enable the drivers quickly to close them so as to make them safe from the charges of the wild animals.

The Emperor's men are stationed at the head of this valley, sometimes fifty miles distant, and are mounted on elephants, so as to form a cordon reaching clear across the valley, the drivers being provided with drums, and means for making terrifying noises.

At first they are driven along slowly, until the travel toward the kraal becomes an established thing in the minds of the animals. This drive may continue for a week or more until the decisive day arrives when they are within ten miles of the Y-shaped opening.

Then the speed is redoubled and the beasts are kept on the move without cessation. The part which the tame elephants take in the capture will now be explained. All those which left the town, and which the boys accompanied, were to be strung out from the Y-limbs one-half on each side, so that as the charging wild beasts came up they would be diverted toward the opening of the great pen.

Many of those present were too excited to eat, but wandered out, and tried to climb to elevated places, where they could see the first signs of the animals.

The men in charge of the herd took their time, so that it was nearly an hour before the word was given. The elephant carrying the boys marched to the east, and as they were starting, several peculiar drums, and several string instruments were heard.

The most pronounced of these was called Klong Pong Ping, which had a cylindrical body of wood with a skin stretched over the mouth at one end, which was about eight inches across. The height of the whole drum was about three feet.

By opening or closing the other end of the body the sound could be varied. It gave a sound so peculiar that when some distance away it was difficult to say whether the drum was ten or a hundred feet from the listener.

The other was called a Klong Khek, also made of wood, but this had a head over twelve inches in diameter, and it gave forth a low rumbling note. The two drums, if beaten in unison, give a most peculiar thrill to the listener, the effect of which must be much heightened if heard in a forest where the trees can re-echo the sounds.

The See-Saw Duang is a fiddle, usually made with a cylindrical body of ivory, about two and a half feet long, and this carries three heavy silk strings, and is operated my means of a bow over two feet long. It makes a most vicious sound, un-

less toned down, but the Siamese do not know the value of soft tones in music. It is also called the alligator fiddle.

The Siamese have a number of musical instruments, similar to our guitars, castenets, cymbals, flutes, harps, and mouth organs, but for work of the kind just referred to the noisiest only are selected.

It may be imagined what pandemonium could be raised with three hundred of such instruments, banging away on all sides of the frightened animals, who were being pushed through the forest by as many more noise-producers in the rear.

When the elephant, which carried the boys, was stationed at a point midway between two clumps of trees, and in such a position that those on top could see a considerable distance ahead, they watched the disposition of the others belonging to their side or guard.

The next elephant was fully two hundred feet distant. The men who manned the drums were tightly screwing up the heads, and lightly tapping them, for it was understood that no noise should be made until one or more of the wild animals appeared in the open front.

An hour after being thus stationed, one of the natives with the boys raised his eyes and said, "That is the first one. They will soon be here now."

Fifteen minutes later the boys could distinguish the unmistakable trumpeting of a dozen or more elephants. Every moment the noises would be-

come more pronounced, and soon the roar of the drums and the screech of the divers instruments in the driving line could be heard above the call of the animals.

Thus far not a drum had been heard from the watchers on the flanks. There was a seething mass of sound and fury before them, but not a single elephant was visible. Then, suddenly, not far to the right a set of drums began to beat, and in less than a quarter of an hour, another pair.

It was getting to be intense. The boys gripped the bamboo railing and leaned over to catch the first gray spectre in the little open space. When the drums on the elephant next their right blared out the boys could hold out no longer. Winfield was the first to detect an animal.

"There he comes!" he shrieked.

"And a half dozen more!" added Stanwood. Before they could utter another word the drums began to play their part of the tune. The half dozen animals came on, and behind them fully a dozen more, some of them much greater than any the boys had seen in their own procession.

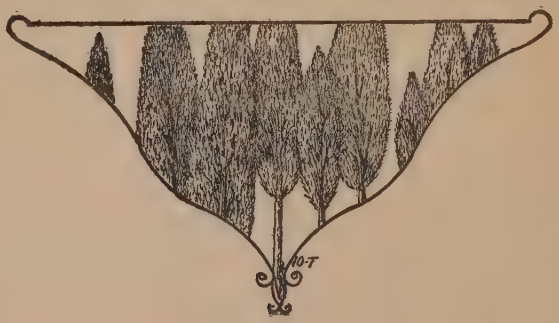
The men leaned over their drums and beat with both sticks, while they set up the most demoniacal howl. Winfield saw the Englishman at it also, with wide open mouth, and he also joined in, while Stanwood shrieked. The driver of their animal turned the beast toward the oncoming host, but they did not stop. The earth fairly trembled with the reverberations.

To add to the terrific and appalling sight, the

infuriated beasts would actually crush down good-sized trees, where several of them were forced to rush along in a narrow space. The breaking of the stems, the waving of the branches, the beating of drums, and screeching of the fiddles, the yells of hundreds of men, and the trumpeting of the wild animals afforded a scene that no one can adequately picture in words.

Soon the tide turned; the elephant to their right came up, and that was followed by the third, and their own beast was turned to the left and hurried along to accompany the herd within to its final destination. In the last part of the drive many of the flank guards found themselves mixed in with the captives, the boys' elephant being among the number.

Their driver gave a few sharp orders, and the faithful animal turned to the gateway leading to the enclosure, which had now been made secure.



CHAPTER XI

TRAINING THE WILD ANIMALS

The boys had passed through the most tense and strenuous day of their entire travels. Nothing could have taken the place of this experience and they were most fortunate to be able to witness the events under such favorable circumstances.

Each of the boys had a comfortable padeya to sleep on that night. Even without that padded luxury they could have slept without waking, and the terrific hum and screech and chatter of the insects did not disturb them in the least.

What dreams they had were of fabled monsters in white, with great trunks, and the music was an undefined clatter, jangle and trump, that hummed in their ears long after the actual sounds had ceased. But tired as they were, the morning sun, and the bustle outside, awakened them early and

they did not wait for another nap, or to stretch a dozen times before rising.

The morning toilet was a quick and simple affair, after which they hastened out of their room, and walked across the short space that separated them from the dining room. The Englishman, in his striking tweed suit, was just returning from a tramp in the direction of the main kraal, when they emerged from the door.

"Ah, I see you are jolly well up. The walk is fine, and they have a dandy lot," he said.

"Did you see the elephants?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes, indeed; sorry I didn't know you were up. Still, you will have plenty of time. Let us breakfast first," and so saying, he marched into the dining room.

Dozens were already there, principally those officially connected with the drive. Breakfast was soon disposed of, and then came the inevitable question: "What shall we do now?"

"I understand that the process of separating the animals and making the selections will take place early this forenoon," said the Englishman, as they started for the enclosure.

"What do you mean by selections?" asked Winfield.

"The Emperor has the first pick, you know. He is entitled to take those necessary for his service first."

"Then what becomes of the others?"

"They are bought by men in business, for use in transporting articles, in the digging of trenches

and canals, hauling of logs, and generally lifting heavy weights."

As they neared the Keddah, the native name for the enclosure, the trumpeting of the animals grew more pronounced. "Did you learn how many they caught?" asked Stanwood.

"No; but I heard one of the men say that it was an unusually large bunch, and that the estimate would be given out this morning." Then, seeing a half dozen men, some of them drivers, the Englishman said: "I think those men can give us some information," and walking over he asked them a few questions in their native tongue.

"They estimate that there are fully two hundred within, but that quite a number escaped along the western line. But we might as well get a good position at the lower end of the small kraal, for that is where the roping will take place."

All along one side of the small Keddah, were piles of teak poles which had been prepared for repairing the enclosure, and these were piled up step fashion. After espying them Winfield shouted: "Here is a fine place for us."

The Englishman assented, and together one of the piles was ascended and from this position an excellent view was obtained of the kraal.

"I wonder where the elephants are?" asked Winfield.

"They'll be here on time, I'll warrant," was the answer.

Soon three large elephants entered the enclosure, to the right of which they were sitting, and

with their keepers passed across the open space. With huge ropes, hitched to the large beams that had been laid across the entrance they drew them away, leaving an opening fully twenty feet wide which led to the keddah that held the herd.

The elephants that did the work walked back slowly and stood within the enclosure, near the entrance through which they had originally come. Almost immediately the beating of drums commenced, followed by a perceptible movement of the trees in the large keddah.

"They are coming," remarked the Englishman. "If they can once get them started there is not much trouble, but occasionally they will have some old and vicious bulls that resist all efforts to turn them the right way, and then there is trouble."

Soon a half dozen of the animals were seen emerging from the brush, then a dozen more, and almost like a concerted movement, the vanguard of the herd broke for the open. The drum beats ceased. What was the trouble? The Englishman pondered for a moment. "I can account for the silence in one way only, and that is, they do not want to cause too great a rush against the fence. The opening is only about twenty feet wide, as you see, and it might break everything to pieces if that big bull should charge against it. Nothing could stop it."

Imagine, for a moment, this phase of the situation. Each elephant presents a front fully five

feet in width, so that fifty abreast, they make a line two hundred and fifty feet long. If there were two hundred animals in the herd, they could present a front of that length and four deep, so that a solid column two hundred and fifty feet long, and sixty feet in width, a veritable mountain of flesh, is something to reckon with.

The travelers gazed in wonder at that grand spectacle of power, and contemplated the terror which the swinging trunks and the uplifted heads might cause to the unprotected hunter.

The movement toward the opening perceptibly slowed down, but still pachyderms came on. While this was taking place the three elephants that had removed the barriers leisurely marched across the space in the small enclosure, in full view of the raging mass.

Little by little the lead animals, for all herds are wholly directed when in their wild state, by leaders, gradually drew near the portal, and passed through, giving vents to triumphant trumpets, which encouraged those in the rear. There was now no further trouble. No driving was needed, and soon all were safely caught within the small Keddah.

And now, for the first time there was offered an opportunity to observe the wild animals at close range. They were in a remarkably fine condition, sleek and well-fed, some of them with glossy sides, but all, excepting three or four, of the same color, which was anything but white.

"I don't understand why they talk so much about the white elephants of Japan," said Stanwood.

"There is only one that I have seen so far that is anywhere near white, and that is one we saw at the Pagoda, or Temple in Bangkok."

The Englishman smiled, as he replied: "Probably only two or three really *white* animals have been captured, the others all being like the ones you see. It is because of this very rare thing that the white elephant is reverenced as it is."

But the really interesting time was now at hand. The next step was to capture each individual beast, and to train it for its future career. Several were noticed which were fully as large as any of the tame ones outside the enclosure. No time was lost in getting to business.

Two men, in striking uniforms, mounted on two large animals, were carried to the enclosure, the slow and measured strides of the beasts seeming to add a majesty to their daring. The herd did not seem alarmed, although it was now bunched together along one side of the enclosure.

The two rode to within ten feet of the line, and sometimes there would be a protest from some giant bull. Occasionally, one of the officials would point a rod in the direction of an animal, and his attendant would half arise, and throw something, which would strike the elephant pointed at, and leave a large red spot, from which several streaks of the same color would trickle down.

"That isn't blood," said the Englishman laugh-

ing. "The officer is the Emperor's representative, and he is just putting a mark on the ones that have been selected."

When the requisite number had been marked, the two elephants marched out, and six more of the finest specimens, on the backs of which were strapped the smallest kind of blankets with little loops, the blankets being of the same color as the animals. Each beast carried three men, one to direct the movements, and the other two for the purpose of taking the elephant to be captured.

Coils of rope were noticed hanging to the loops, and several wide bands, evidently of leather, carried around each animal. Some of the ropes had huge hooks attached at the ends. The driver carried a club-like spear, that is, a weapon with a sharp point and a hook at one end, while the other was enlarged to a bulbous form.

The Englishman stated that there was lead, or a mass of metal in the enlarged part, and there had been cases where elephants had been killed by a blow delivered at the right spot. Two of the elephants so equipped started across the intervening space, and headed straight for a close standing group on the opposite side. There was but little motion to indicate alarm among the wild ones. When the first tame one reached the wild line it pushed its way in unceremoniously, and the nearest ones stepped aside, thus affording a fairly good view of the proceedings.

The animal aimed at was the first one which had been selected by the Emperor's representa-

tive. Somehow he seemed to know that he was to be the victim, for instantly his trunk went up and swung around, landing, in its downward movement, across the back of the tame elephant.

The boys gasped for breath, but were immediately relieved to see that the men had quickly slipped over the opposite side, and were hanging by the loops, which they had previously noticed. One of the men with a huge coil ran between the legs of their animal, and dexterously threw the end with the hook around the vicious animal's leg and hitched the other end to the harness on the tame one.

Meanwhile the other assistant had thrown one of the broad bands around the wild beast's back, and this, also, after a moment was attached to the tame animal. At this moment the second tame animal appeared on the opposite side, and the attendants quickly hitched their coils to the ones which had been thrown over.

Every animal in the enclosure was now in a tempest. Their small eyes glared, as though in terror, their heads were in the air and the trunks swinging as though threatening to lash all who approached.

Before the lassoed animal had time to appreciate it, he was in the toils of his tame brothers and began the trial for his freedom. Standing between the two his size could be measured with the eye very readily. While not much taller, he was longer, and plumper in every way. His legs were strong compact masses of muscle and flesh, and

the trunk noticeably was much larger than those on the other animals.

After the first contemptuous bellow, his head was raised high in the air, and the trunk swung about, while the tame elephant on the right made a forward movement to swing him around toward the entrance way. This movement was resisted with a furious lunge, and the one on the side farthest from the exit grasped the trunk and tried to prevent the lashings.

Together the two gradually overcame the vicious onslaughts of the wild one, but every movement was watched by the attendants who had to guard and prepare against the breaking of any parts of the immense lassos that held the three together.

It required more than fifteen minutes to urge, pull, shove, and buffet the beast to the passage way, and the moment they passed out two more similarly-equipped elephants went on their mission in the selection of another victim. We have not the time or space to repeat the captures, for they were substantially the same with few variations, some of them most exciting and some accompanied by accidents.

The sport was not ended when the boys and the Englishman turned to go back to the encampment at six o'clock that evening, but it was an immense relief to get away from the clamor, the gripping feeling, and strain on the mind anticipating what might next happen, in the struggle which occurred during that day.

Some weeks afterwards, Stanwood declared that for a whole week after that day's experience, there was not a night in which his mind was free from visions of the great beasts and all the dreams were of struggles and never-ending noises.

It was certain they had many dreams that night, for they were hours telling the Englishman about the amusing phases of their experiences while in the realms of sleep. Before noon the next day, all the animals had been taken from the kraal and the globe trotters were on their way back to Rahang on the same animal that brought them to the meet.

The city was reached shortly before six o'clock, and after visiting one of the theatres they returned to the hotel and retired without stopping to discuss any of the incidents of the day. The next morning Stanwood said:

"I suppose we ought to thank the Secretary for his kindness to us. If we knew where the Englishman lived, we could get a tip from him as to the right thing to do."

"Well, I don't think it is ever out of place to thank a man for doing you a kindness, so we ought to hunt up the fellow before we leave," responded Winfield.

"But wait," said Stanwood. "We must first learn when the boat leaves for the north." Together they quickly walked down and crossed the street to the place where the boats docked, and saw at the wharf a different steamer from the one which had brought them there.

In response to their questions the official said: "The boat now at the dock will leave in a half hour. The other boat will not arrive until after four o'clock. This one makes the trip by daylight, and the other at night."

"Then we must take this one," said Stanwood, at which they put on extra speed and were soon at the entrance of the Emperor's abode, for he had a palace at this place. To their regret the Secretary had not returned from the scene of the drive, so they wrote a letter, thanking him for his courtesies, and a young man in charge assured them it would be promptly delivered on his arrival.

It was fortunate for the boys that they had forwarded their extra clothing and luggage by steamer direct to Rangoon, as they knew it would be an encumbrance in the contemplated journey. They stood on the deck of the little vessel, with nothing but their traveling khaki, the wide-brimmed hats, heavy traveling boots, with strong tops, and the knapsacks with which they left New York.

It was noted that quite a number of small boats run on these rivers. They carry the valuable woods found in the country, the roots, the grasses for matting, bamboo poles, of all sizes, besides a vast amount of rice and fruit. Usually they have immense loads going south, but are not crowded going to the north.

Their objective point was Ban Kow, one hundred miles distant. The steamers could not make

to exceed fourteen miles an hour—generally much less—so that they had no hopes of arriving there before late in the afternoon.

On deck was a man making horseshoes. He required neither forge nor bellows, nor did his particular products need the use of fire. He used a peculiar straw, very long and of exceeding strength, which was braided to form a shoe adapted to slip over the hoof, and cords were provided for tying it on to hold it in place.

After wandering around on deck for fifteen minutes, after the boat started, they were accosted by a native, who grinned and said: "Good-by!"

Stanwood laughed at the strange greeting, while Winfield, a little more diplomatic, nodded, and said: "How do you do?"

The native turned to a group of his countrymen, seated near, and his face showed a peculiar smile, as though he seemed to say: "I told you I could speak English."

Stanwood tried to do his share in returning the compliment, and remarked: "Do you speak English?"

"He turned and looked at Stanwood as though trying to solve the inquiry, and answered: "Not big."

"Well, what do you know?" he queried.

Again the helpless stare, and then the words, "*Good-by.*"

"All right, good-by," said Winfield, holding out his hand.

The fellow drew back without taking the offered

hand. This puzzled and annoyed Winfield for the moment, and in a jocular spirit, he shrieked out: "*Good-by,*" and at the same time advanced toward him.

The man simply fell over those near him as he tried to escape. An officer on board who witnessed the episode went over to Winfield, laughing merrily. "That was very amusing. He told you absolutely every word he knows in English, but he was trying to appear smart before his friends, and your threatening attitude, which I knew was meant in a spirit of humor, frightened him, as he thought you were an official of some kind."

There was also the inevitable bazaar on board. The scene at all these places interested them, after they had some trying experiences, and had been told the tricks of the vendors, as it is the custom throughout all eastern countries for sellers to ask two or three prices for every article offered.

It matters not what it offered, the sellers' price means nothing. What will the customer pay, is the only thing to judge by, and it may be safe to assume that the price asked is fully twice what the vendor expects to get. The boys bought many little trinkets at such rates, before they understood the rule in this respect.

On both sides of the boat were fishers, constantly employed. The principal fish was something like a red snapper, about two feet long, with immense scales, and the flesh quite pink. On this boat they also saw men preparing the betel nut, and along the banks could be seen the betel palm,

a tree fully sixty feet high, the branches of which bore large bunches of the fruit.

The nuts were cracked, the meat taken out and worked up into a paste by wooden blades. The leaves of the palm were then cut up into triangular pieces, and the red-like paste of the nuts formed into cones, placed on these leaves, and served in that way.

CHAPTER XII

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO BURMA

The boys were really glad when the little stern wheeler finally drew up to the primitive wharf at their destination. They did not have the slightest conception of the kind of place to which they were going so, before stepping from the boat, they sought the advice of the man who was so amused at the native's actions when Winfield simulated anger.

"My advice to you is to see our agent here. He was educated in England, knows the natives well, and can give you all the information and advice needed to make the trip," he remarked, as the boys thanked him.

Mr. Esta ta was a man of considerable importance in the village, for it was but little more. "I can find you a reliable man who can speak the language," he said.

"But we did not want to make arrangements to take any one with us," said Stanwood.

"You would find it almost impossible to make the trip without a native guide, besides the cost would be less than to attempt it alone."

"What would a man charge?" asked Winfield.

"The one I speak of would not ask more than one tamlung."

"Let me see; how much is a tamlung?" asked Stanwood.

"Half a sovereign," answered the man.

"Sovereign?" said Winfield. "How much did you say?"

"Probably you are not English then?"

"No; we are Americans."

"I am very glad to meet you. I see your countrymen occasionally at this place. Oh, yes, a half sovereign is about $2.45 cents of your money."

"Then we'll take him. What will your charges be?" added Stanwood, as an afterthought.

"Nothing at all, thank you. It is my business to aid travelers."

"We appreciate your kindness; but one thing more. We want to go to a good hotel."

"It gives me pleasure to direct you to my own establishment across the way," he said as he came from behind the little wicket. Without a word a porter appeared from somewhere, walked across the street with the boys and ushered them into the registering office of the establishment.

After dinner the man who had been recommended as a guide called to offer his services. "I can take you across the mountains to the Salwin river for a tamlung and rice," he said.

"And how much will the rice cost?" asked Winfield.

"One tical."

This would make a total of three dollars, and they concluded the bargain on that basis. By rice the man meant board going and coming. The trip across would take four days, because they intended to get some much-needed exercise.

"Just to think of it; we haven't had a decent day's tramp since we left Japan," said Winfield, "and I begin to feel so luxurious that I couldn't even play a game."

The distance across was really less than eighty miles, but the tortuous windings add fully twenty miles, and there was only the single route. For miles and miles there was not the sight of a human habitation, although in former years this section was inhabited by people who were akin to the famous head hunters of the north of Burma, and like those in the Philippine Islands.

Of this, however, the boys had no knowledge, until later they came face to face with some things which brought out the story from the guide. Mauna Ban was the name of the man who was to take them across. Like most of the Siamese, he was small in stature, not especially dark or prepossessing, with a flattened nose, and high cheek bones.

Before he left the boys inquired about the food, en route, and were informed that they must take their own provisions with them, for while there were two stopping places, it was doubtful whether

they would be able to get the proper food, so Mauna was commissioned to procure the necessary supply and provide the means for carrying it. When he appeared in the morning, at the appointed time, he was equipped with a short pole with a semicircular bend in the middle, which partly encircled his neck, like a collar. On each end of this pole was a receptacle in which the supplies were deposited.

Thus provided they bade adieu to the proprietor, *Esta ta*, and crossed the river in a catamaran, which was awaiting the party. Near the river much of the soil was cultivated, and as there was an abundance of fruit of every description, it is the only thing that was not included in the provision bags.

The rice had been cooked, and was now stowed away in a large vessel and even the sweetmeats were not forgotten, as confections are the weakness of the Orientals. The boys were Orientals in this particular, and did not object to this seeming extravagance.

There was a trail, nothing more, and that was not straight. It turned and twisted about around the little hillocks or other obstructions that happened to be in the way. The vegetation was exceedingly dense, at some places so thickly overgrown that it was impossible to peer through or even to force one's way past the obstructions.

It is not many years since this region was a favorite one for elephants which kept down much of the vegetation. Mauna said that there were

still herds to be found, and it was not unlikely they might see them on the route. Their path was upward, from the time they left the river, as it was necessary to cross a range that was in many places 4000 feet high.

During the trip the first half day only two cottages were passed, and less than a half dozen people were recognized, although several miles to the north a cluster of cottages was observed while they were standing on one of the frequent elevations which was in the direct route.

In the middle of the afternoon they reached a hunter's camp, which was ascertained to be eighteen miles from the point of departure, so that they had made nearly three miles an hour. While the sun was hot they had the advantage of walking in the shade all the way. They had no idea how much higher they were than the river, as appearances are very deceptive in traveling through a country like this where the air is clear.

The sun seems to shut out its light very suddenly in this latitude and the huge trees, which prevent much of the light, also contribute to this. They continued the march until very late, as the boys thought, and they knew the sun must have set; but the darkness seemed to come so quickly that it almost startled them. Mauna still pressed on.

It was fairly dark when Mauna turned to the left, and after pushing his way through some shrubbery, stopped in front of a low thatched cottage, quite devoid of doors and windows, but with a wide, roofless verandah on two sides. Within it

was perfectly bare, but the floors were clean, and fully three feet from the surface of the ground.

"This is a cottage which was put up by a party of hunters who had their kraal just back of this place. They used to have a number of other buildings, but they were burned down," said Mauna, as he deposited his burdens, and threw off the blankets which had been curled up on his back.

He set to work preparing the meal, using a sort of conical tree top, which was dried, for a light, while doing so. Afterwards he gathered a quantity of limbs, with which he erected a barrier at the single door which led into the room they occupied. This proceeding began to look ominous. It seemed as though Mauna was expecting possible visitors.

"Is that necessary?" asked Stanwood.

"It is better to be prepared. There are many tigers in this section, as well as leopards, and we do not want to have them too near. But I have a light ready, if that happens," was the answer.

They arranged the blankets on the floor, which were not needed for warmth, but as something to lie upon, for a teakwood floor is about as hard and unyielding as wood can be.

Crickets, the everlasting Cicada, flying insects, and even birds, all seemed to join in the concert which opened in earnest when the darkness became supreme. To this was added the giant fireflies, which actually illuminated the surrounding area.

It was so fascinating that they could not tear

themselves away from the barricaded door. When they finally withdrew and made their beds it was only to learn that they would have a fight on hand, until they learned how to overcome the attacks of the mosquitoes and insects of that character.

Mauna soon showed them how to provide against these pests, for he had several pieces of a very light silk, which served as nettings to cover their faces and hands, and after an hour or so of listening to the mountain concert they fell asleep. Only once during the night were they awakened, when some animal appeared at the closed way, and dislodged one of the pieces, which aroused Mauna and he succeeded in frightening it away.

The morning was welcomed, as it was rather cool and delicious compared with their previous experiences in Siam. Mauna said it was much colder as they went higher up on the mountains. Breakfast was soon disposed of, and they swung away from the little cottage before the sun had risen very high. During this day's trip they saw at least a half dozen houses, only one of which was occupied, the owner being a hunter.

He had lived at that place all his life, and had a wife and nine children, the eldest a young man of twenty-five, or so. Two of the boys, about their own ages, interested them. The father was a guide for the English, when a young man, and was a Burmese. The result was, that he could talk English well, but the boys were not so well gifted.

The old man tried in every way to induce the

party to remain there during the day, and offered to take them out on a hunting expedition, but the boys felt that it would be wise to proceed. Finally the old man proposed that he and his two boys, should accompany the party along the route, if they would but wait until luncheon had been prepared. To this they readily assented.

"I am glad to entertain you Englishmen," he said. "It reminds me of the time when we had to fight the Shan people."

"But we are not English," said Winfield.

The old man started back with a shock. "But you talk and look and act like them. Who are you?"

"We are Americans," answered Stanwood.

Instantly his face lighted. "And so you come from the United States, that great and wonderful country; here, Sua and Lin, these boys are Americans, they belong to the United States that I told you about."

Winfield drew a tiny flag from his pocket, and holding it up, said, "This is our flag. See, we have 44 stars, and each star means a state, and thirteen stripes, and each stripe means the number of states we started out with."

"But the Americans came from England, and they speak as my friends did, and look like them too," continued the old man. Then he noticed Stanwood smiling, and, shaking his head, had a most inquiring gaze.

"Not all of them, but a great many came from that country," said Stanwood.

"How many people are in your country?" he asked.

"Over one hundred million," answered Winfield.

At this response the old man could hardly contain himself. "One hundred million!" he repeated over and over. "More people than England has?"

"Yes, indeed," said Stanwood, with a show of pride.

"But," he asked, "where did they come from, if not from England?"

"From every country in the world," responded Winfield.

"Then I can understand why it is so great. But do they all speak English?"

"Yes, all our schools and laws are in English, and all people living there learn the language," said Stanwood.

The foregoing information did not in the slightest degree abate the ardor of the old man. It delighted him to hear the boys talk and ask questions, for it did not take long until his own sons had found a means to make themselves understood by the visitors. The four hours spent in the company of these Burmese boys had an untold value to Stanwood and Winfield, for it thrust upon them the knowledge that boys all over the world have the same instincts and aspirations, and this was the first real living thing which impressed upon them the universal kinship of human beings.

Here were two boys, belonging to a race whose ancestry it would be difficult to trace, living in a section remote from the haunts of men, who had no ideas concerning the customs, the habits, the beliefs or the moral obligations of the white people, gravely discussing games, racing, hunting, and other sports, and relating their experiences with a common interest.

While thus walking along chatting and laughing, the old man said: "We may interest you in a hunt, after all, if I am not mistaken," he said with his head cocked to one side.

The boys were alert, and stopped, as he had done, and listened. The only noise which was distinctly heard came like the softened bark of a dog. After a few barks, another seemed to answer it.

"That must be an animal, sure," said Stanwood.

"It is," he answered, in an undertone; "and it is not far away, either. You might hide here, while I go forward."

The old man examined his gun, and stooping low, was soon out of sight, not going, however, in the direction of the sounds, but considerably to the right. For fifteen minutes they lay there in quiet, then there was a faint sound, as though it might be a leaping animal.

The old man's sons glanced to the left, and pointed to the opening where they were told to watch. Almost immediately a beautiful animal, a deer, with fine horns, sprang into the opening, and dashed toward them, or rather in the direc-

tion where they lay. The open space would bring the animal within fifty feet of the hiding spot. It dashed by, and before it was out of sight, a gunshot disclosed the position of the old man, and with a final leap the deer sank to the ground.

The boys were up at once, and ran over, as the old man emerged from the bush. "Was it the deer that barked?" asked Winfield in astonishment.

"This is a fine specimen of what is called the *barking* deer, and the mountains are full of them."

There was feeling of sadness apparent in Stanwood's face, as he gazed on the magnificent animal. Without wasting any time the old man removed the head, with the antlers, and had taken off the hoofs, and cut up the animal into four portions. After securing some broad leaves, they were bound around so they formed three packages. Together with his two boys they marched along with their burdens and in less than a half hour had reached a thatched cottage. Here the bundles were hung up, after one of them had been opened and a quantity of the steak taken out. A portion of this was given to Mauna and the boys then understood that it was intended for their journey, for which they thanked the old man.

After a further march of two hours, he announced that he and his sons would return. They were stopping near one of the cold springs that were found all along the way, when the old man said that it would be a convenient place to broil some of the venison. The boys jumped at the

idea, so it was but the work of a few minutes to gather sufficient dried wood to make a fire and soon four large juicy steaks were spitted and prepared for the meal.

The meat, together with the other material which Mauna had provided, made a tempting meal. Mauna, however, would not touch the meat. This did not immediately seem curious to the boys, because on reflection they remembered having seen very few of the natives eating meat. They tried to get Mauna to take his share, but he persistently refused. Finally the old man said:

"Mauna is a Buddhist, and does not believe in eating meat."

The boys had heard something of that kind, but this was the first time its observance was impressed on them. "Do you not believe that meat is healthy?" asked Stanwood.

"It may be healthy, but our great teacher Buddha was opposed to the taking of life in any form, and for that reason we do not believe in the practice of eating meat," he answered.

The old man gazed at the boys with a quizzical look, as he replied: "But your people are great fishermen, and do a big business in catching and curing, as well as in eating fish. Don't you destroy life when you catch the fish?"

Mauna's face was enveloped in a grin, as he answered: "Buddhists do not kill the fish. All they do is to take them out of the water to dry, and if the fish choose to die,—well, it's their own fault."

The boys fairly roared over this very satisfactory explanation, from his standpoint, and Mauna thought he had made a hit. The old man and his sons also joined in the merriment, and after a while looked at Mauna, calmly, as he said: "You know, Mauna, that I usually catch all my game with traps; some of them, when caught, are killed. I suppose that it would be right for me to eat those?"

"No, you would not be to blame, at all," he said, gravely.

"You must remember, Mauna, that I had nothing to do with the killing of this deer. He was running along the *seeve,* and happened to get in the way of the bullet I had in my gun, so, of course, you couldn't object to eating the meat because it was wrong to take life. Come, Mauna, help yourself," and he swung over one of the tempting pieces, which was still dangling on the spit.

Mauna hesitated for a few moments, and then with a neat bow, jabbed the pointed end of one of the chop sticks into it, and was quiet until it was finished. He didn't seem to have many scruples, after he began to eat, as to his religious obligation.

After luncheon, the packages were again taken up, and together they marched across an open space, and ascended a slight incline, beyond which the road turned to the right, and from which point the old man and his sons were to take their leave to the regret of the boys.

Before reaching the top Stanwood's eyes caught

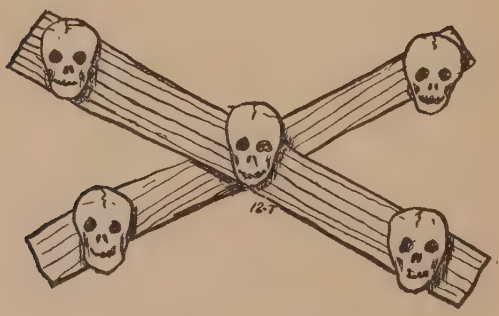
sight of a low building, alongside of which was a small pagoda. "What is that?" he inquired.

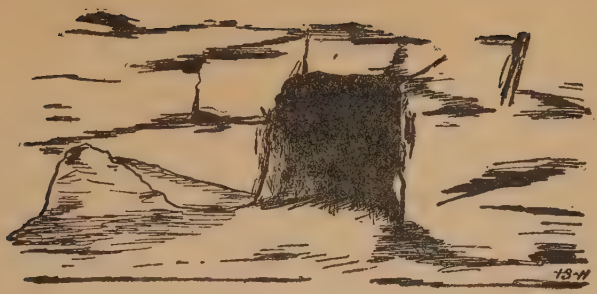
The old man smiled, as he said: "This may interest you. It is one of the few samples remaining in this section of the country."

Nearing the structure they noticed on one side two flattened boards, or slabs, arranged in the form of an X, on which were held five human skulls.

"This was once the abode of the most famous of all the head hunters of these mountains. Only three of the original houses are now standing, the others having been destroyed."

One of the skulls was at the intersection of the two boards, while a skull was attached at each extremity of the cross.





CHAPTER XIII

THE BEAR IN THE CAVE

The boys left the old man and his sons, with feelings of regret. The latter stood on the mountain side after the boys had traveled quite a distance, and waved their hands, to which the travelers responded.

Two hours later, as the sun was about to set, Mauna said: "Tonight we must sleep here; no house."

From this they knew that they must make a night of it in the open. This was a new experience, certainly. "Well, tell us what to do," said Winfield.

They were still going up, their way leading alongside a stream which was flowing down the mountain.

"We must find some place along the Mei," was Mauna's observation.

"What do you mean by Mei?"

"That means river."

"Oh, I see. But what kind of place must we look for?"

"Ah," he remarked at a loss, for a moment. "Some little holes; let me show you," and saying this he led them to the stream, which flowed past jagged rocks, that bristled out along the shores.

"He must mean caves," said Winfield.

"Yes," was the quick reply.

In the quest along the stream they soon ran across a desirable place where they found a retreating angle below an overhanging rock, an admirable spot to guard them against the attack of any animal. Here their sleeping positions were quickly made, and the supper provided in the open, before darkness set in.

All through the night they heard the unmistakable roar of animals, and on one occasion were awakened by a terrific fight, similar to a combat of giant cats. They were probably panthers, of which there were many throughout these mountains.

When they awoke the next morning the air was delightfully cool and bracing, a contrast with the temperature in which they had lived and seethed for two weeks. During the day they might, they hoped, reach the highest altitude and spend the last night of the trip at the peak.

The scenes all about them as they ascended were beyond description, and the rugged beauty of the country particularly appealed to them. The vegetation was less profuse and this enabled them to

get finer views of the great valley to the north. In that direction was a river which flowed through a pass in the mountain, to reach which it would have been necessary to pass through an almost inaccessible country of brush, so they were advised to take the present route.

At some places the narrow path was bounded by great walls, rising almost vertically on one side and towering hundreds of feet above them, the opposite wall showing plainly the cleavage when the mountains were formed. In many instances it was necessary to crawl hand over hand along inclines which were faced with rocky spurs.

The trees, such as they were, consisted of cardemon, tasmania, and gamboge, from the latter of which a medicine is obtained. Even at this altitude they noticed a species of banana, which is called *Rack banana,* that exudes a gum which turns black while it hardens, and forms an article much in demand in commerce.

The summit was finally reached but Mauna stated that it would not be of any use to proceed much farther as they would make up the time the last day, since the entire distance would be down the mountain side. The night passed without incident, and as they began the march down the mountain they were greeted with a breeze, the first that was felt since they had left Rahang on the Mei Ping river.

"How soon shall we get to Burma?" asked Winfield.

"We are in Burma now," answered Mauna. "The top of the mountain is the dividing line between Siam and Burma."

Traveling was much easier now. It was delightfully cool and the air deliciously invigorating. Occasionally they would pass patches of green sod that looked most inviting, but they continued on their way. The footing was better than on the other side, although nature tried its best to make the surface uneven and to force up great rocks as sentinels in most unexpected places.

After traveling thus three hours and just as they were rounding the nose of a mountain, they were delighted at the vast panorama there spread before them. The first thing that focussed their attention was a silver thread that was laid along the valley, bordered by a dark green.

"What is that?" asked Stanwood, in great enthusiasm.

"That is the Salwin River," answered Mauna.

"Is that the river we are heading for?" asked Winfield.

"Yes; and you can easily reach that before night."

"See here, Stanwood, I do not see why Mauna should go any farther. I am sure we can get along without any trouble, and if he does go it will mean today and tomorrow extra."

"Good idea; we are glad to do that for you, Mauna, and we will pay you just the same," responded Stanwood.

Mauna protested that it would not be living up

to the contract, but the boys insisted. "Just give us enough to eat so we will have plenty until we reach the river; and here is your money," said Winfield, counting out the money, "and a little extra for the nice time you have given us."

"But you must tell us now just which way to go," said Stanwood, "and whether to go up or down the river to find a steamboat landing."

"You must follow the sun from this place; always follow, follow," he said.

"Point out the place on the river," said Winfield, as he fumbled in his pockets, and drew out the little compass which was the gift of their friend Mr. Whitfield on the Ohio coal fleet.

Mauna eyed it curiously, and inquired its use. He marveled when informed that it always told them which was the true north. "But why do you want to know the true north?" he asked innocently.

"Because the earth revolves on the North and the South Poles," said Stanwood.

He shook his head. That was not understandable to him. Stanwood smiled and asked: "Do you think that is strange?"

"Yes;" he said. "It seems to me it would be good to know which is the true east, for that is where the sun comes up; but the sun never comes up from that direction," he answered, pointing to the north.

Winfield laughed at this, for the remark really seemed to have considerable sense in it. "Do you mean we must go to that place where the river

looks narrow-like and seems to make a turn?" he asked.

"Yes," was the response.

Winfield turned the compass until the figures were properly placed to follow the pointer, and then adjusted the indicator so it was directed to the place at the river. Mauna bade them good-by, spread out his arms like an opened fan, with the palms forward, and in that attitude, while rapidly moving his lips, bowed low.

As this form of parting salutation was often repeated it might be well to say that it was the form of blessing which Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, taught his followers.

The boys were very loath to part with Mauna. He was so willing and obliging in his manners and, within certain limitations, had considerable knowledge. The generosity of the boys affected him and as they frequently turned to look back, he would acknowledge the salaams which were offered until he was blotted from view.

They were now, indeed, alone in a country far removed from the haunts of white men. Burma is a land with a history which dates back centuries before the Christian era. The original peoples were probably Mongolians, but tribes from India also gained a foothold on the great peninsula, and the country has been the scene of many conflicts for it is a wonderfully productive region.

There are only three seasons, namely, the cold, lasting from the end of November to the beginning of March; the hot period, which covers the

time between the beginning of March to the beginning of July, and the wet, which starts with the beginning of July and ends with November. The boys were there during the hot season, but, fortunately, it was the period which gave them a better view of the people, and afforded more comfort for traveling, even though the temperature was higher than if they had tried to make the trip at other periods.

It is certain they never could have crossed the mountains in winter, and travel over the level portions would have been out of the question, if undertaken during the wet months.

They were not now the timid boys who started from New York, when, after having crossed the State of New Jersey, only fifty miles from New York, and finding themselves in another State, began to question each other as to the kind of people they would be likely to meet in the next state beyond. Then everything was new, striking or interesting on account of its novelty.

Now, however, it appeared as though it were necessary for something very striking to cross their path before it would appeal to them as attractive enough to divert them. They had traveled far for boys, but they were yet to learn that every country has its attractions, and can teach something, if only to cause serious reflection, and that in itself has its value.

They were discussing these things, as they trudged along. "This traveling is a wonderful thing," said Stanwood. "I never imagined peo-

ple were so unlike, or there were so many different things to see and to learn about."

"I suppose we have seen about everything there is to see in this section of the country," answered Winfield, "and I think we ought to move on as fast as possible."

"What is that ahead?" asked Stanwood, while Winfield was still speaking.

They were rounding a rough and rocky part of the mountain, and saw ahead a singularly dark object, irregular in shape, against the side wall. The path was well-defined, although it did not appear to be much traveled, as it was covered with grass. They went on until within a few hundred feet, and then both laughed as they recognized that it was merely an opening, probably ten or twelve feet high, and not over eight feet wide.

As they neared it, the opening grew darker, and before it was reached they were both conscious that it was the mouth of a cave. Stanwood commenced to laugh. Winfield looked at him and said: "What are you laughing about?"

"Do you remember what you were saying, when I saw the cave?"

"No."

"Why, that we'd seen about everything worth seeing."

"Well, what is there about a cave? Nothing but a hole in,—"

They had reached the opening, and as they gazed in the light from the large mouth threw the beams of the sun far into the interior, and the first thing

that arrested them was two images, each much larger than a man, standing at opposite sides of the walls.

They were probably carved from stone, and hideously painted with some pigment which ran down in streaks. It was such a surprise that they gasped. They were not aware that this was one of the famous cave temples of Burma.

While they had learned to steel themselves against many things as a result of their travels and experiences, they felt timid about this new thing they had stumbled on.

"I'd like mighty well to know just what this is," said Winfield, "but I don't exactly like the idea of going in. It might not be the right thing if the people living here should happen to be at home."

"From the looks of the ground over there it doesn't seem to me that any one lives there. See, the grass grows clear up into the cave," said Stanwood, as he walked on and finally entered partly within the shedding roof.

"There are scratches here and there, showing that something has gone along here, but I don't suppose they amount to anything," and saying so Winfield moved up alongside, and began an examination of the curious images. Several more were observed further along, on both sides, all placed at fairly equal intervals apart.

Then appeared little niches, in which were images, sometimes placed in groups, and the walls themselves were carved to represent some form of man or beast. This was getting interesting.

They were now about a hundred feet from the opening, and it was getting too dark to distinguish anything but the detached figures, when they heard a low, distinct growl, that almost froze them to the rocky floor.

Neither uttered a word. In another instant came the second roar, much more distinct and emphatic. Winfield was the first to recover presence of mind. He grasped Stanwood's hand and whispered in a hoarse voice: "Let's go."

Stanwood shivered and the trance was broken. His hand grasped Winfield's like a vise, as he turned and darted toward the entrance, actually dragging Winfield along in the intensity of his actions.

"Not so fast; not so fast; listen!" whispered Winfield, as he fled along. But Stanwood didn't hear, or if he did, failed to heed the warning, and when the open air was reached he said: "Come on; let's break for the rocks over there!"

How they ever reached the top of the sloping surface they could not tell, but when they gained the height, which was not more than twenty feet above the mouth of the cave, and fifty feet distant, they almost collapsed from the excitement.

"I shall never forget the fright that roar gave me," said Stanwood. "I had no idea what had happened, until you took hold of my hand."

"Well, that shook me up pretty well, and,—see that? Do you see something moving?"

Something was coming out of the cave. "It's a bear, and a black one at that," said Stanwood.

It leisurely walked out of the cave and stood there blinking in the sun. Stanwood was the first to break down with laughter, but Winfield was a close second. Mr. Bruin was the smallest and most dilapidated specimen of the breed the boys had ever seen. The revulsion from the terrible fright to the hilarious condition produced by that little creature, made the tears flow.

"Here, you little imp you," said Winfield sliding down the rock, "I've a notion to break your head."

Little Blacky understood, and didn't wait. He rolled over himself in trying to get back to his black retreat, while the boys looked at each other and renewed the laughter. But they had enough of caves for the present. A half hour had been consumed in examining a lot of images in a cave; and a bear thrown in; that was all.

An hour afterwards they saw two bears in the distance, and the sight of them caused another outburst of merriment. Three hours after leaving Mauna the first house came in sight. It was unoccupied, and after a short examination of the surroundings, they passed on.

Soon another thatched roof showed above the treetops and there they obtained the first view of an inhabitant of the country. The pathway led close up to the house, and seated on an immense log were two men, one with scarcely any clothing on, and the other with a single garment loosely thrown over his person.

While still in the distance it seemed as though

the undressed man was clothed in a pair of embroidered tights, or leggings, which were curiously ornamented, but as they neared the men, they observed that his legs were tattooed from the thighs to the knees, with curious designs, and also with representations of birds and animals.

The appearance of the boys caused the men to stare in wonderment. After reaching the path directly opposite the house, the boys turned, and gave a polite salute and also bowed. The well-dressed (?) man stood up, and gave the same dignified salaam that Mauna used, and this instantly reassured the boys.

"Do you speak English?" asked Stanwood, as they approached the men.

There was a slight smile, accompanied by a slow shake of the head which plainly indicated that they did not understand. One of the men uttered a few words inquiringly, but it was too much for the boys, and putting out their hands, in imitation of the now well understood salute, which was instantly responded to, the boys again started on their journey.

After proceeding a few feet one of the men uttered a call, and significantly held up two fingers, and pointed to the west. "What shall we do?" said Winfield.

Stanwood gave a vigorous nod, as though he understood, and with a smile and another flourish, he joined Winfield, saying, laughingly: "Of course, you don't understand their language as well as I do."

After another half hour's march Winfield said: "Isn't it about time to have something to eat?"

It was much beyond the regular time, but that was soon atoned for, and they pushed forward with renewed energy. A woman and man whom they passed bowed and stared at them. The man was carrying a heavy load, but the woman had nothing but a parasol and a fan.

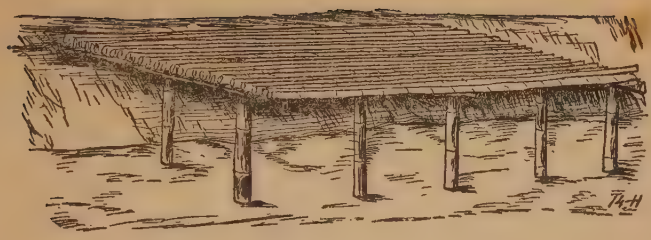
"That is curious," said Stanwood. "I wonder if she's the boss of the family?" This observation was brought out because from the time they had entered Japan, until that moment, it was the first time that a woman had been seen walking along the road by her husband's side without bearing the burden. In China women are held in contempt; in India they are kept in seclusion.

The face of the country had now undergone a complete change. They were still at some altitude above the river but the surface was much more regular and even and everywhere was observed the most luxurious vegetation. Cottages were more frequent and the roads were beaten from the tramp of feet.

Burma is an agricultural country. Rice is the staple product and in addition many other cereals are raised. Their vegetables and fruits are the finest in the world, the latter excelling the products of Siam. A species of mountain ox is largely relied on for doing the farming work. Small herds of these were to be seen at some of the more pretentious places.

The women all seemed to dress alike. Most of

them wore a hood, skirt, and a coat. Some had sandals, but many, it was noticed, were in bare feet. Around the waist were worn numbers of black, varnished bamboo rings, generally ornamented with seed and cowries, or shells. The most astonishing thing, however, was to observe the children, hundreds of whom were seen, all very scantily clad, boys and girls playing together in that condition.



CHAPTER XIV

THE LAND OF PAGODAS

In this part of their trip over ground which is a fair type of the most of Burma, the evergreen forest plays an important part in the landscape. Canes, bamboos, and creepers abound on every hand, and tree ferns bedeck many trees, adding to the beauty of the scene. Fig trees with luscious fruit might be seen at every turn, and the cinnamon tree, which the boys early discovered, while in Japan, grew in every yard, and along every stream.

Unlike Siam, there are no marshes or sandy plains in the entire country. The wild tea grows there in abundance, and invites the farmer to take up the land, as its appearance indicates the right soil for the cultivated article. Hence the boys had an opportunity of seeing how the people in the four principal countries raised that article, and it was exceedingly instructive.

Passing through the first village they heard a boy shrieking, and it was such an unusual occurrence that it at once arrested their attention. On

investigating they saw a lad, not over ten years of age, who was undergoing the pain of having his legs tattooed. Then they noticed that all the elder boys were similarly decorated.

But they hurried on and shortly before five o'clock, after passing at least a half dozen villages, or small towns, they reached a cluster of houses which had among them an unusually large pagoda. It should be said that everywhere on the road from the mountains they had noticed hundreds of these curious structures.

Burma is called the land of the pagoda. It is stated that in one old town alone, now abandoned, called Pagan, there were 9999 of these structures. They are entirely unlike those in the other eastern countries and many of them are very ornate. Their spire-like shapes, when viewed at a distance, give them the appearance of church steeples.

It was with delight that they learned the village was on the river and they at once sought out an inn where they sat down with a sigh of relief. Tea, rice and cookies made a feast for them, but it was still an hour before sunset, and departing as soon as possible, they reached the landing.

A landing wharf of immense bamboo poles indicated the place, and here they sought information about the boats. A polite individual, in a cozy building, surrounded with verandahs, answered in English that the down boat would not come along until some time in the morning. Thus informed they inquired for a comfortable hotel, and were soon installed.

Anxiety to avoid missing the morning boat was the means of arousing them early, and the wharf was reached at a little after six o'clock. As in all warm countries the people here were out early so the principal work might be done before the high temperature of midday.

"I am sorry to say that the boat will not reach the wharf until hni chette," said the man in charge.

"And what is *hni chette?*" asked Winfield.

"That is the second watch."

The boys looked at each other, and the man, evidently noticing that they did not understand, inquired: "Are you not accustomed to our division of time?"

"No; we have been in the country only one day, so we haven't learned much," answered Stanwood.

"Our time is divided into four watches, the first, *ti chette,* from 6 to 9 of English time; *hni chette,* from 9 to 12; *thon chette,* from 12 to three; and *le chette* from 3 to 6. The gongs will tell you the time at the end of each watch."

"What is that?" asked Winfield.

"At 9 the gong strikes once; at 12 twice; at 3 three times; and at 6 four times," answered the official.

This left several hours at their disposal, and, as was their custom, they spent it in investigating the town. Here, as on the route from the mountains, the thing that shocked them most was the fact that the school children had on very little clothing, and in two places they saw the tattooing in progress, one in a little shop which was evidently a tattooing

parlor, for in the little show window they saw a variety of specimens, showing how the different designs would appear on the side of a leg.

Another curious thing they observed on this trip was that the girls above a certain age wore immense rings in their ears. Indeed, all women were so adorned, some with hideous objects worn as pendants.

While passing along a street they noticed a commotion, and drifted to the scene. Ahead, and leading a crowd of men, all armed, was a white man, and marching along with a swinging gait. In the party were a dozen carriers some of whom bore the objects of curiosity that prompted the cheers and shouts.

"That man looks like an American to me," said Winfield. "Come on."

The boys quickly made their way to the street into which the procession had turned, and thus faced the hunter, for such he proved to be. "Hello, United States!" shouted Stanwood.

"Hello yourself," said the man, as he noticed the boys. "And what does all this mean?" And he rushed forward and grasped the boy's hand. Then turning to the bearers, he said: "I have just told the fellows to stop. I want to show you my beauties."

"Where did you get them?" asked Stanwood, as he gazed at two fine tigers, and a panther.

"Hunting is fine in the mountains to the north; but tell me, what are you doing here, and where are you going?"

The boys explained the situation in a few moments, and when informed that they had just made the trip across the mountain from Siam, he opened his eyes, and said: "Well, who ever in the world advised you to come across the country in this way?"

"Why Mr. Winthrop suggested that we should come this way."

"What! Winfield Stanwood Winthrop? What a queer idea that was."

After the boys had told that part of their story and about Mr. Winfield's death, the man said: "I can understand why he should want to go across the mountains with you. I know him well, and have hunted with him here and throughout Siam, Tong King, Cambodia and French Indo-China. So he is dead? How he must have enjoyed your company?"

While he said this the boys looked very sad and grave, and Winfield said: "My name is Winfield, and this is Stanwood—"

"And those were Mr. Winthrop's first names!" he remarked in a surprised manner. "But you must go with me. The boat is expected in some time during the day."

"Yes; before twelve o'clock," said Winfield.

"That is good; I have a buffalo still to come, and also some small game. Those I shall send to Rangoon, by boat."

"Do you intend to go direct to Rangoon?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes."

"That is just what we want to do, and we thank you for your offer."

Together they marched down to the hotel where they were compelled to go in and have another bite with the hunter.

"We want to know your name," said Winfield.

"I had forgotten all about that. My name is Robert Courtney,—" Both boys jumped and exclaimed: "What, Courty?"

He laughed at this appellation. "Well, yes; the same fellow that made some kind of a record at football five years ago. So you fellows remember that, do you?"

"Oh, my, yes," said Winfield, his eyes ablaze with excitement. "I saw you play twice, Mr. Courtney."

"Never mind that Mister; *Courty* sounds good, coming from you, so just let it go at that," he responded.

After breakfast the boys related many incidents that made Courty laugh. "What is the reason they tattoo the poor boys' legs?" asked Stanwood.

"That is the custom here to indicate that the boy is no longer a boy, but a man."

"But I have seen some little fellows being tattooed," remarked Winfield.

"But they must be ten years old before they can be tattooed."

"And are they men after that?"

"Yes."

"And they don't tattoo the women?" asked Stanwood.

"No; as soon as a girl is ten years old she has her ears pierced, and when the hole in the ear reaches a certain size and is healed, then she is no longer a girl, but a woman."

"Why I have seen some ears that I could stick my thumb through the hole," said Stanwood.

"Yes, and the larger the hole the more creditable it is. Do you know how they produce it? After the first hole is made little pieces of elephant grass are used, and one piece after another is pushed in every day or so which gradually enlarges it, and these pieces are permitted to remain until the wound is healed."

As they were leaving the hotel for the wharf they witnessed a scene where the *lady* of the household was giving some emphatic instructions to her husband, and this reminded Stanwood of the incident where the man was carrying the burden, instead of the woman, as they had noticed elsewhere.

"Well, it is a little curious, and it may surprise you to learn that nowhere in the world has woman greater liberty than in Burma. She is the absolute master of her household, and of the children. If her husband treats her badly, or gets intoxicated, or fails to provide, she can go to the nearest magistrate and by making an affidavit, can secure a divorce."

"That explains many of the many things we have seen, which appeared to be so different from the women in China and Siam," said Stanwood.

"Yes; and that is a singular thing; in Siam, a

country which adjoins this, while the women have far more liberty than in China, or in India, they are really the hewers of wood and the bearers of water, and are ordered around by the men in orthodox oriental fashion."

Before twelve o'clock the boat came in, and the boys were soon installed. The trip to Maulmain, on the gulf of the Martaban, required over four hours, and there they learned that the regular steamer to Rangoon had gone an hour before, and that another would not be available until morning.

"That will give us an opportunity to take a look at the famous cave Temple near here," said Mr. Courtney.

"Cave Temple?" said Stanwood, as he commenced to laugh.

"Well, yes," said Winfield, trying to suppress a smile, "we rather like cave temples, and would like to go along."

There was evidently something out of the ordinary connected with the temples that interested Mr. Courtney, and Stanwood finally told the story of the bear at the cave, to the former's great amusement.

"There are many of these caves throughout Burma, and they are the natural haunts of wild animals. I don't wonder that you should be frightened under the circumstances; but the little black fellows you refer to, called sloth bears, are harmless. I have known some vicious ones, of a gray variety which are very dangerous, however."

The cave referred to was about four miles from

the city, and a light conveyance was arranged for by Mr. Courtney. The mouth of the cavern was on the sea front so that a sight from within afforded a fine view of the Bay of Bengal to the west. In order to approach the mouth, however, it was necessary to pass through a long covered way of sheltering rock and long before the entrance was reached the images were noticed in every conceivable sheltered place.

"What were these things put here for?" asked Winfield.

"The history of these caves goes back beyond any human knowledge. Nothing but tradition serves as a clue. It is claimed by some that they prove the existence of the cave man, because these same caverns show that they were the abode of generations of men, and many of them are filled with the most primitive stone weapons. In some places it has been shown that the floors of the large caves had dozens of layers, each layer having distinctive weapons, showing them to be of different ages."

Fifty feet within the main entrance, for the cave had three passage ways, two of them much smaller than the main central mouth, was a huge image of some character, standing erect. This was carved from stone.

"Do you think that is Buddha?" asked Stanwood.

"Oh, no; that was made before the time of Gautama. It is estimated that these carved images are more than five thousand years old. On the

other hand, this represents a person in a standing posture, while Buddha is always seated, as that position is one of repose, which is supposed to be one of the qualities of Buddhism."

Within the walls were literally lined with images, or, as Stanwood aptly expressed it, the walls were papered with them. The cave was not a long one, probably not exceeding 1000 feet over all, but it had large chambers, and from the central or main one were radiating branches which honeycombed the interior of the mountain.

An hour was sufficient to enable them fully to explore the different passages, and this done they hurried back to get a good meal before it would be time to attend the theatre, for Maulmain is a city of 60,000 people, and has many European residents. Here, on all sides, were immense docks, where hundreds of vessels were loading timber brought from the interior and floated on rafts down the Salwin River.

That evening the boys, accompanied by Mr. Courtney, took a sail along the bay in one of the native sailing vessels, a boat with a huge square sail. The moon outlined a magnificent picture where palm trees grouped about a pagoda which was located on a projecting tongue of land.

"What a beautiful sight!" both boys exclaimed.

"The bay is famous for its fine views," replied Mr. Courtney.

Rangoon is a city of 250,000 inhabitants, and an important port for the shipment of rice, lumber and dried fish. The commanding object in the

city is the Shoedagong Pagoda, which has a base 400 feet in diameter, and a height of 300 feet.

Surrounding it are dozens of little pagodas, which, together with the main structure, make a very picturesque sight.

But the boys were all excitement now to cross the Bay of Bengal, and enter that vast country, India, of which they had heard so much in all their travels. It seemed as though the experiences up to this period really prepared them to appreciate and understand that mysterious country, for while it has been written about time and again, it is still little known, owing to the breadth and scope of the vast area and because of the differences in the character and habits of the people who live in the various sections.

Mr. Courtney would not let them out of his sight. He regretted extremely that it would be impossible for him to accompany them, but he would not be able to go to that country for at least two months, so that when, the following day, he accompanied them to the steamer, he remained aboard until the last moment, and bade them good-by, with the hope that they might meet soon after his return to New York the following spring.

It is nearly one thousand miles from Rangoon to Madras, and the time consumed in crossing is usually three days. Through the kindness of Mr. Courtney the Globe Trotters had the fortune to secure two first class tickets at second class rates, by taking advantage of unused portions of routes, a practice well known in the east.

This involved an expenditure of only twenty dollars each, and after they had repaired to their staterooms they took an inventory of their financial possessions, the first time such an attempt at calculations was made since Mr. Winthrop's death.

They found they still had $87.45 left, and felt they had good reason to congratulate themselves on the success which attended their adventures so far. When the ship was finally freed and sailed down the Rangoon river, they went on deck, and began the search for a comfortable spot.

"I think we have earned a rest, for three days at least," said Winfield.

A cozy corner was finally found, and the steamer chairs with their names on them, located there, and they sat down to enjoy their first ride as great financiers and travelers. Not ten feet distant were a couple of chairs, one of them labeled, if Stanwood's searching eye could be believed, "John L. Parsons, St. Louis."

"Well, they are everywhere," he said, as he dropped the label.

"Who?"

"Why, Americans, of course," he answered.

"What's his name?"

"Parsons."

"What kind of fellow is he?" asked Winfield, who was seated so he could sweep the promenade deck with his eyes.

"Do you want me to guess?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes."

"Well, he is a dashing young fellow, who has

more money than he knows what to do with, and carries an eyeglass, only one, mind you, and a thin cane. How does the description suit you?''

Coming along the deck was an old, tottering man, assisted in the journey by an attendant, at the side of whom was a middle aged lady. They appeared to be making straight for the vacant chairs. Winfield noticed this, and said: ''You're wrong. According to my idea he is an old fellow, hardly able to walk, and carries a big cane.''

At that instant an elderly woman emerged from the side door at the companion way, supported by a young lady, but the pitching motion almost threw her to the deck. Stanwood saw the situation, and supported her, inquiring of the young lady where their seats were.

''Those are the ones,'' she said, pointing to the seats under consideration. ''Thank you for the assistance.''

Stanwood assisted them to the chairs, and returned to where Winfield was sitting.

It didn't take over a half hour after the little episode referred to until the boys were well acquainted with Mrs. and Miss Parsons. They learned that Mr. Parsons had died in Japan four months before, that his wife and daughter were now on their way to Mysore, where a daughter of Mrs. Parsons resided.

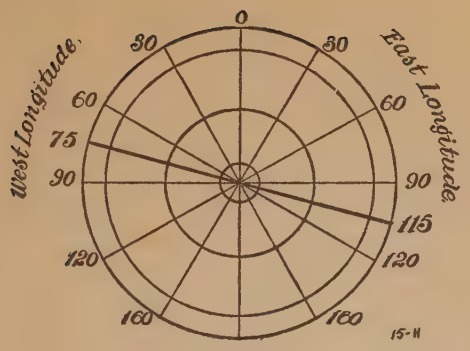
During the three days' trip the boys made themselves generally useful to the couple, and in return learned many things which later proved to be of great value in their travels. When they reached

their cabin that night, Stanwood threw himself down on his berth and said, musingly: "Wouldn't it have been fun if we had only known as much when we started as we do now about traveling?"

"Well, I have been thinking of that ever since we left Rangoon. We simply seem to strike into people who give us points right from the start; and then, it's awfully easy to travel," responded Winfield.

"Easiest thing in the world; who knows but we may ride into New York in a sixty horse power limousine, if it keeps on this way," and Stanwood fairly bubbled over with happiness.

"Fine idea," was the response; "only a limousine might find the Atlantic Ocean rather hard going."



CHAPTER XV

INDIA THE LAND OF CASTE

The morning of the third day found the steamer less than fifty miles from the East India shore when the boys reached the deck, and in three hours they hoped to anchor. Mrs. Parsons and her daughter appeared at the stairway about nine o'clock, and the boys assisted them to the chairs.

The entire trip had been a beautiful one. Sometimes the passage was exceedingly rough, but this proved to be a favorable time of the year for fine sailing. "Your stories interest me very much," said Mrs. Parsons, and we should consider it a great favor to have you accompany us to Mysore and that would help you on your way, if you will pardon the suggestion."

"How far is it from Madras?" asked Stanwood.

"About two hundred and fifty miles," she replied.

"Pardon me for asking the distance," continued

Stanwood, "I should have thanked you for the kind offer, but we are always thinking about how far one place is from another. That would be very pleasant, I am sure."

"Is it in the right direction for us to reach Bombay?" asked Winfield.

"I am afraid not," said Mrs. Parsons. "It is too far south."

This was discovered to be the case when the map was consulted, and much to the regret of both of the parties, that plan was not found available. "We have had the best time and met the nicest people in the world, and here, we've gone half way around the world, or nearly so," said Stanwood.

Miss Parsons laughed. "Why, you are more than half way round the world," she said.

"Do you think so?" asked Stanwood, adding "I'm mighty glad to know that."

Winfield then rushed down to the cabin and soon returned with the other map which Mr. Castleton had provided for each of them. "Now," he said, "Here we are, at Madras, and New York is around here. Yes, I think we are at least half way round."

"But that wouldn't be very satisfactory for me if I wanted you to prove it. The map will tell that within a few miles," she remarked.

"In what way? I never saw anything except the scale of miles to measure distances with," said Winfield.

"Why, yes; every map has the margins marked off with figures which show degrees, and as every

circle has 360 degrees it is an easy matter to find out just where you are from any point if you know just where that starting point is. First, then, in what degree longitude is New York?"

How many of our readers can answer that without consulting a map?

"I don't think I ever knew," said Stanwood.

"Well, I don't remember, because I was never very familiar with maps, but this shows that it is on the line marked 75," she said.

"Yes, and we are on the line marked 80," said Winfield.

"Do you remember what the arithmetic says about the number of miles in a degree?"

"A little over 69 miles at the Equator," answered Winfield.

"Oh, that's easy; the difference between 75 and 80 is five, and that multiplied by 69 is just 345 miles," said Stanwood.

Miss Parsons and Winfield roared with delight at the absurdity.

"Is that the entire distance you have traveled?" she inquired, as she continued laughing. Finally she quieted down and said slowly: "I see where the trouble is. One is east and the other is west longitude. I had forgotten that."

"I know now," said Winfield. "New York is west longitude. I suppose, then, that we are in east longitude?"

"That's it exactly. How these things do slip from the memory. Now we are all right. You see, we are on the opposite side of the earth from

New York, and 75 on one side is almost the same as 80 on the other side. Yes, you have gone not quite half way, or a—'' and she hesitated.

The old tottering man, heretofore referred to, and who was nearby, had overheard the conversation, as he smiled throughout the discussion. At that moment he caught Miss Parsons' eye. ''Isn't that right?'' she archly inquired as he shook his white locks in laughter.

''No,'' he said. ''You were making progress, and it was very interesting. I thought you had it when you referred to the 360 degrees in a circle. If we had a globe here you would see that the line marked 75 west on one side runs over the top of the globe, through the north pole and extends down on the other side along the line marked 115, and that would be east longitude, because in the first case the degrees are marked west from London, or, rather Greenwich, and the 115 is marked east from that point.''

''I think I understand now,'' said Winfield. ''Half way round is 115 degrees east, and that passes through Canton, China; we've been there.''

''You have the right idea. You have, therefore, gone half way around the world and 35 degrees more, which would be equal to the distance from New York to Denver,'' said the old man smiling.

But the coast was in sight, and passengers were making preparations to leave. An hour later they all marched down the gang plank and found themselves in Madras, a city of over 500,000 people, and the third in size in that vast country, India.

They bade adieu to their late friends, with sincere regrets, as it had been a genuine delight to meet such congenial people. The lesson of the past hour was a sample of the things they were imbibing. They had learned to understand what traveling meant; that it did not consist merely of seeing people, and houses and noticing the curious customs of various nations, while going through the world.

They were now face to face with a great problem. Bombay must be reached. Measured in miles, in a direct line, it was six hundred and fifty miles. There was a railroad connection and they learned that the fare was very low. After reaching one of the many hotels near the main street of the city, they sat down to discuss the route and means which should be adopted.

The boys were very active, and good walkers, and not only was there something stimulating in that mode of travel, but it was supplemented in this case by their desire to see the people at home.

"I think we ought to try walking for several days, then take a train for a half day to rest up, and in that way we might make the distance in two weeks," said Winfield.

"That suits me. Why not start out right from this place for, say three days?" answered Stanwood.

"All right; sight seeing for today, picture show tonight, and the road tomorrow," was Winfield's final comment.

Except for the presence of the large native

population, Madras might well be regarded as a continental city. It is a live, energetic place, has an immense trade as a shipping center, and supports numerous educational institutions.

English thoughts and ideas are prevalent throughout this country in matters pertaining to trade; but there is one direction in which the great power of England has not made any progress, and that is in the matter of caste.

There are four castes in India, the first and highest being that of the priests, or Brahmins; second, the warriors; third, the traders, or merchants; and fourth, the laborers.

The second class, the warriors, is gradually dying out, because in this respect the English government does not appoint the soldiers from that class, hence, in course of time only three classes remain.

The reason why it has been impossible to get at the root of this great evil is on account of the hereditary character of these castes. It is the great curse of India, and some of the reasons for its debasing results may be discovered by following the experiences of the boys in their travels.

Nowhere on the globe do Englishmen travel in greater numbers than here. The administration is wholly in their hands, and their policy has always been wise and humane. The people themselves have learned to understand and appreciate what Great Britain has done for India and her people.

The area of the United States is 3,623,000 square

miles; the area of India 1,766,597 square miles, or, in round numbers, it is about one half the size of our own country. The population of the United States is about 100,000,000; that of India 300,000,000, or three times greater than ours.

In traveling through this country, therefore, the fact that there are six times as many people per square mile as are found throughout the United States should be considered, and because of that the traveler is sure to come into contact with the people at every step.

The first thing that interests every one on entering a new country, is the characteristics of the people themselves, and especially the race to which they belong. The native Indian is a member of the Aryan race, to which we belong. The Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Italians, Celts, Slavonians and Teutons, or Germans, all sprang from that stock, and the generally dark color of the East Indians does not, therefore, indicate that they belong to the Hamitic or colored race.

The boys put up at a respectable hotel, and started out for a tour of the city, more for the purpose of getting some idea of the general character of the place, however, than to see the great buildings.

The only one visited was the great Vishnu Temple, and while there they were gratified to see many English, and, undoubtedly, Americans on the regular visiting tours. They noticed one group of visitors in particular, probably two dozen men and women, grouped around a good talker

who explained the objects of interest as they walked along.

This was a novelty to them, although it is not uncommon in New York, in the auto-seeing busses, for the guide to explain the principle features passed. They soon learned that this was what was called a personally-conducted tour.

"Don't you suppose ours is a personally conducted affair?" asked Stanwood.

"Yes; and it is the real thing because we are our own guides, arrange our own time, and decide for ourselves just what we want to know," responded Winfield.

Somehow, the sights in the city did not interest them. They found more inspiration in going through the country, and meeting the people in that way, and after a visit to the picture show they returned to the hotel and were soon asleep.

At seven the next morning they consulted the maps for the most available route. In a nearby stationer's a large map was secured, in addition to the one which they carried, and with this before them, it was decided to generally follow the lines of the railway, but not to confine themselves too closely to it, a plan which they had found to be a most satisfactory one in their previous jaunts.

From information obtained in the city it was learned that food was available everywhere along the roads, so that it would not be necessary to encumber themselves with a load. The large suitcase which contained their extras was first shipped to Bombay, an extra pair of trousers

provided, as well as two new pairs of walking shoes.

The heavy high-topped boots which were obtained for the trip through Siam and Burma were also shipped with the case. Thus free they visited a restaurant, and had a hearty breakfast. The astonishingly low prices amazed them. It is true, things were not at all expensive in Siam and Burma, but in the other countries they were not much cheaper than in the United States.

About forty-five miles west of the city, on the main line to Mysore, is a town called Arkonam. It is the junction of a road running north and south. Thirty miles beyond that is another town named Vellore, also the junction point of a north and south line. From either town thus named the trains run direct toward Bombay.

"I think we should strike for those towns and then go directly northwest," said Winfield. "The man told us we could take either line but I like the looks of the map better along the western line."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Suppose we take the train and run to Arkonam; and when we get there it will be easier to decide whether to go north from that point or go to the next line," suggested Stanwood.

This view was acted on at once. Reaching the station, which was pointed out, they had barely time to catch the train. The cars in this section of India are built precisely like those in England, each coach having three sections, which are entered by side doors.

Each compartment has room for seating ten passengers comfortably. The occupants were two English merchants, an elderly man, with a portfolio of books and pamphlets, a woman, whose nationality the boys could not fix, two children, and a maid.

There is one advantage in traveling throughout India. English is spoken everywhere, and this enabled the boys to acquire information wherever they happened to be. But while the conversation within the compartment was interesting, the boys were eager to see the country through which they were passing.

For the greater part of the way the train was in full sight of the public highways and travelers on those roads were in sight most of the time.

"Do you notice there are white people everywhere, walking along the roads?" said Winfield.

The old man overheard the question. He looked at the boys with a kindly smile. "Oh, yes," he said, "Englishmen are great walkers, and India is a fine country for this sort of exercise."

"Are most of the white people we see simply walking for health?" asked Stanwood.

"Possibly not, but India is full of my countrymen who prefer walking to riding. Indeed, I have tramped over much of the country myself but of late I find it necessary to do more riding."

"Do you mean that you take long tramps?" asked Winfield.

"Do I look too old for that?" he asked, merrily.

Winfield blushed, and he continued. "I have lately made as high as twenty miles a day. I find the finest specimens in this section of India. The region north of Vellore is particularly rich in Botanical specimens."

"So you collect,—" and Stanwood hesitated.

"Principally butterflies, at this time of the year."

"Then do you intend to leave the train at Vellore?" asked Winfield, with considerable eagerness.

"Yes."

Winfield gazed at Stanwood, and the latter said: "We also thought it would be a good place for us to start on our tramp."

"Glad to see that you have caught the spirit, also," he responded.

"But we have done hundreds of miles of walking since we left home," said Winfield.

"In what places?"

"Japan, China, Siam, Burma," enumerated Stanwood.

"You are certainly doing some traveling," he remarked. "Any object in view?"

"No; simply trying to get around," answered Winfield.

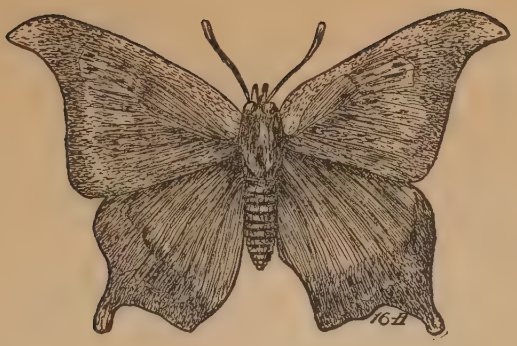
The old man stroked his head slowly and finally said: "Oh, you are making a tour of the world?"

Then the boys told about the conditions and related some of their experiences, to which he listened with great eagerness. "Why it will be a great pleasure to have you as companions. I al-

ways send my impedimenta ahead, several days' journey, and carry my net and these little receptacles for holding my specimens."

Within two hours their destination was reached, and the old man attended to the shipment of his luggage to Gundakal, less than two hundred miles distant.

Map of Southern India.



CHAPTER XVI

CURIOUS CUSTOMS

"Well, boys, I suppose we must have something to eat before starting. As it is not quite twelve o'clock, we can get luncheon and be off early so as to put in a good afternoon," he remarked as the boys were taking mental notes of the surroundings.

"That will just suit us," said Stanwood. "But would you mind telling us your name, please? My name is Stanwood, and this is Winfield."

"Thank you for the formal introduction. My name is Goodrich. I am a teacher by profession, formerly connected with the University of London, as professor of natural history, but this sort of work suits me much better."

"We are glad to know that. Maybe we can help you on the way," said Winfield.

"Certainly you can, and I may be able to be of service to you in return. That will be mutual com-

pensation." And the old man's eyes fairly beamed at the suggestion.

The luncheon comprised a bowl of steaming rice for each, a pot of tea, some excellent biscuits, and rancid butter. After the first trial, the boys looked at the butter and at each other. The professor noticed it.

"I see you are questioning that butter," he said laughing. "That is something I have never been able to satisfy myself about. The natives love rancid butter, and consider it a delicacy; here, waiter, we want the other butter."

The attendant quickly made the exchange. The rancid butter had been given as a compliment, as the professor explained.

As they emerged from the door, the boys witnessed a peculiar sight. A poorly-dressed native cast several coins on the ground, which were picked up by a well-groomed man, whose high bearing indicated that he was some one of considerable importance in the community, particularly as those who passed bowed very low to him in deference.

"Well, that's a new proceeding to me," said Winfield. "If that rich fellow didn't have nerve enough to pick up that money."

"That poor fellow was simply paying him," said the professor.

"Paying him? Well, it seems as though he did it very disrespectfully," suggested Stanwood.

"On the other hand, he did it in the most deferential way, according to their customs."

"By throwing it on the ground?"

"Yes; that was a high caste Hindu; the other a low caste. It would have defiled him to have touched the low caste's body, and to prevent a possibility of such a catastrophe, the coin was cast on the ground."

"Do you mean to say that it will defile him if he touches the man but that the coin which has just left his hands is not just as bad?" asked Winfield.

"Yes; that is the theory. Of course, there isn't anything on earth quite as filthy as the anna, one of the coins which he was avaricious enough to take, but these things cannot be argued with them."

"I suppose there is about as much reason in it as the story they told us in Burma about the fish?" said Stanwood.

"What was that?"

"The Buddhist who argued he didn't kill the fish because he laid it out on the ground to dry," said Stanwood.

"I dare say you will come across many things that are still more curious before you have gone far in this country," said the Professor.

All arrangements having been made the party was ready for the first jaunt through India. They followed the neat road which ran almost due north. This was bordered by a row of trees on each side, that gave a delicious shade, and flowers appeared on all sides, as they trudged along.

It was rarely that natives were out of sight,

either going or coming, for this section of the country is well settled. Bicycles are more abundant even than in Japan, where they are always in evidence. The first five miles interested the boys because the contrast was so great, when compared with Siam and Burma.

Here there was considerable effort to keep the dwellings in good condition, but one thing particularly noticed was the remarkable care bestowed on their cows. In at least a dozen places the cows were housed in much better quarters than the owners themselves occupied.

"Now here is another place where the cow has the best place, on the shady side, and everything is clean and comfortable, while the house where the family lives is somewhat shabby," said Stanwood.

"That is readily explained," said the Professor. "The cow is a sacred animal, and is considered of more importance than the children. That is also so with cats."

"But what do they think of dogs?" asked Winfield.

"They are regarded as even a little lower than swine, and in the mind of a Hindu a dog is about the lowest thing in the universe."

"I have noticed that the dogs here all have a sneaking look," said Stanwood. "And it must be for that reason."

At noon they stopped at one of the little inns, so common throughout the country, and there for

the first time had an opportunity to witness the second lesson in the matter of caste.

After having taken their seats, a tall man with a distinguished air, accompanied by a servant entered and took a seat near at hand.

"The one who has just come in is a high caste Hindu," said the Professor. "You will notice something very curious before he gives the order."

The boys waited to observe the procedure. One of the waiters appeared, and stood obsequiously apart from him, with hands crossed and head bowed low.

The Hindu looked at him and said: "Who are you?"

Evidently the answer was unsatisfactory, for he waved him away without even deigning to again glance toward him. The second waiter appeared, the same question was asked, and in response to the answer he nodded, as though satisfied; whereupon the second waiter immediately busied himself with arranging the table.

The first waiter, who was rejected by the high caste, approached the table at which the travelers sat, and the Professor requested that food be brought, but the man instantly disappeared without uttering a word, to the great surprise of the boys.

"This is a proceeding which may amuse you, but it shows how far these people will go in carrying out the customs demanded by caste. The waiter who refused to bring us food is a high caste. He

will make our beds, prepare the baths, and serve as valet for us, but he would not dare, under any circumstances, to bring us food. To do so would defile him."

"But how does it come that the high caste asked the waiters that question?" asked Stanwood.

"The Hindu considers he would not be safe unless he first made that inquiry."

"But suppose the waiter had told him that he was a low caste, instead of a high caste, what then? Would the high caste Hindu be compelled to believe him?"

"He would believe him, for the native would not lie. They always tell the truth about that."

"It does seem to me that this can be done away with," said Winfield. "Something ought to be done to prevent such a silly thing as keeping the people apart."

That is the great problem in this country, but it is born in their very blood. Caste is hereditary; a shoemaker's son must be a shoemaker; a farmer's son a farmer; a lawyer's son a lawyer, and so on. It is so deeply rooted that even wealth cannot turn a low caste into a high caste, nor can poverty lower a man's status in this respect."

"Cannot one caste native marry another caste?"

"Oh, no, by no means! Such a union would be absolutely barred."

In the course of the afternoon they arrived at a little village which was lying close to a forest. It would be better to call it a wooded section, for in this part of India there are no real forests.

"This will be a good place for us to get some specimens," said the Professor, as he pointed to the trees beyond the village.

The boys were keen for this new experience. The Professor then unrolled a little package, and removed three hoops on which were stretched light silken nets. The hoops were about a foot in diameter.

"I have seen these catching nets," said Stanwood, "but this is the first time I have ever tried to use them."

Arriving at the place indicated the Professor said: "Of course you should understand that all butterflies are not of use. My object is to acquire new species. In this region there are other insects besides the butterflies which are interesting to the naturalist."

While thus talking the Professor's eyes were riveted on a specimen not five feet away. He dexterously covered it with the net, while it fluttered about within. "If I am not mistaken this is a lucky find," he said, as he cautiously tried to unfold the insect which had become enveloped in the silk.

"I am right," he said with some satisfaction. "Here is a species of tree locust which has two long antlers, or stems, as you see, that project out from the head. The peculiar thing is, that its eyes are at the ends of the antlers."

"What do you suppose that is for?" asked Winfield.

"That is what scientific men would like to know.

This is the first specimen I have found. But there are other curiosities just as great and as mysterious. One insect also found in this region has a clublike nose, the use of which is not known. Another has two long blade-shaped projections which extend out from the back, the use of which no one has been able to explain."

The catching of the immense specimens of butterflies, however, was what interested the boys. They ran across the sward, and leaped into the air with glee, in the pursuit of specimens which were pointed out. Their agility was the means of gathering in more specimens in an hour than the Professor could have taken in during the entire day.

He was enthusiastic beyond measure, after the hour thus spent. "How I should like to make naturalists out of you boys. It would be such an interesting thing. It should teach you something every day about the great nature we see all about us."

"I think myself that would be an interesting study," said Winfield. "But when a fellow hasn't much money he must look out for something to eat and to wear first."

The Professor, stopped, and looked at Winfield. "Yes, you have struck at the keynote of the business," he said. "That is right. It is proper to look out for your maintenance; but this also offers a means whereby you can make money."

The boys pricked up their ears. "Is that so?" queried Stanwood. "Won't you tell us how?"

"I was going to say that this field offers an opportunity whereby intelligent fellows like yourselves might learn natural history and make money at it while doing so, by gathering samples for the naturalists and taxidermists, as well as for the Museums. There is always a big market for these specimens."

"Well, why didn't we think of that before we started?" said Winfield. "What a big lot of things we could have had by this time?"

"So you could. I understand you have had quite an experience and have gone over quite a bit of country. If you had made it an object to gather specimens the collection would have paid your way several times over. The difficulty is that you did not know. You are learning those things now."

"Isn't it too bad that we have gone over half the way around the world without knowing how to take advantage of such a simple thing as that?" said Stanwood.

The Professor stopped and commenced to laugh, as he saw Stanwood's rueful countenance. He placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, consolingly: "You should not feel badly about that. Man lives more than half of his existence before he begins to find out how to utilize the other part. The real merit lies in the ability of the boy or the man to take advantage of what he *does* learn."

The natives were constantly in evidence. The utter servility of the low caste was remarkable, and the deferential demeanor of the high caste

most impressive. But all over India is that one great blight, the burden of the Brahmin class, the priests who draw the life blood from the people, and give nothing in return.

There are over 20,000,000 of these leaches, who never work, and whose hands are always held out in supplication, and to refuse them alms would mean eternal damnation in the minds of their deluded followers. Maun, the lawgiver of Hinduism, says that the Brahmins must "Take the *duty* of receiving gifts." Just to think of a people who are taught that it is a duty to receive alms that they are constantly extracting from the people!

The bedding and sleeping arrangements are much better in India than in either Burma, Siam or Japan, because the people have been taught European ideas in this respect. Many English visit the country, and as a large number of the people depend for their maintenance on the travelers who pass their way, it is necessary to cater to the wants of these guests.

The boys had a comfortable room, soft beds, and clean white sheets, although at this place there were only four or five guest rooms. The meals were fairly good, but rancid butter appeared, and generally the vegetables were poor. Turnips were always on hand, hard and stringy, with a strong taste. The peas were not soft, but hard, and with a tough skin.

"Yes; it must be admitted," said the Professor, "that, either due to the soil in this section, or the character of the seed, vegetables are very

poor. In the northern part of India things are much better in this respect."

"But isn't this an old part of India?" asked Winfield.

"Yes, indeed; this part of India was known thousands of years before the northern part. When Alexander conquered the world, he did not conquer this part of India, for he never came south of the Ganges. Do you know that the eastern coast of India, that is, the coast at Madras, where you arrived, was once considered to be the eastern shore of the Atlantic Ocean?"

"No," answered Stanwood. "How absolutely absurd that was."

"Not at all," he replied. "China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Borneo, and Australia, were unknown. The Pacific Ocean had no place on the maps; only the Atlantic Ocean was known; yet the human race originated, it is believed, within 1500 miles of India."

Two days thereafter they reached a little town called Vayalpad, in a section which was considerably wilder than the region through which they had previously traveled. Before reaching the village the houses became scarcer, and the people less frequently met with.

"I suggested coming this way because to the north from this place for over a hundred miles, is about the wildest part of the entire route, as we shall cut across the country, and not follow the railway. There is only one thing that makes me hesitate, namely, that it is a section which has a

number of wild animals, owing to the dense jungles," explained the Professor.

"Don't hesitate on our account; that will suit us to see some of them if it is possible. The only trouble is, we have nothing so we can defend ourselves," said Winfield.

"Do not worry about that. I am always provided for an emergency of that kind. You will pardon me for being very frank with you, I have contemplated making the trip in this region for years, but never found an opportunity to do so, because I felt that going alone would not be safe, but when I have such jolly fellows with me as I have found you to be, there will be no danger, I am sure. At the same time, if you have any hesitancy do not feel at all obliged to accompany me."

Stanwood laughed and declared that they were only too glad of the opportunity. "That will be a dandy place to get specimens, won't it?" he asked.

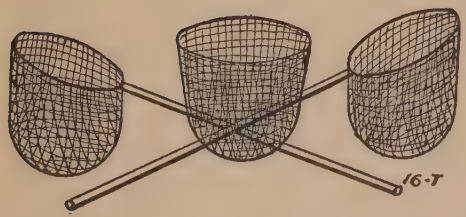
"It cannot be equaled in India," he answered.

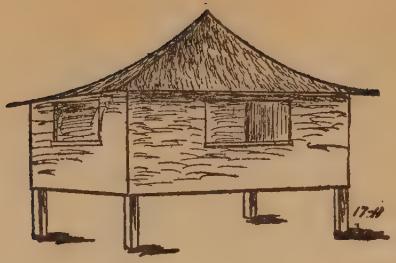
After a comfortable night's sleep in the town, they prepared for the trip which would take them into the interior, and far from the beaten paths. During the first five miles, the road seemed to descend into a lower plain, and the Professor stated that the country to the north was rather flat and much lower than the route of the preceding days.

The weather was rather sultry, but the trees afforded shade most of the way; at the same time the dense foliage prevented the little wind from reaching them. Before noon it commenced to

rain, but fortunately they were able to seek shelter in a small shed-like structure which had nothing to commend it but a leaky roof.

For two hours they were nestled together, watching the streams of water pouring through the openings and trying to avoid them. Then the sun came out with a brilliancy that was most surprising. The grass was wet when they left the shelter, but before they had traveled a mile it had dried out, so that walking was more comfortable.





CHAPTER XVII

THE MAN-EATING TIGERS

During that afternoon's tramp they met only three natives, and not more than four houses were sighted during this time. The boys, as well as the Professor, had their nets ready at all times for the unlucky butterflies which crossed their path. Sometimes they would be diverted, and for a half hour each would be on an independent quest, but by whistles would recall each other from the hunt and reassemble.

It was the greatest pleasure to give up their trophies, and hear the Professor comment on the captures at which times he would tell how the peculiar colors showed certain characteristics, in what manner the shapes indicated the species. As night approached the Professor said: "We have been so much interested in the work that a sleeping place has been overlooked. Have you seen a house anywhere?"

"I have been all over the western part of this section, and I am sure there is nothing like a build-

ing in that neighborhood," said Winfield. The grass was high, and that with the shrubbery made it impossible to see very far.

"Wait; I will crawl up this tree, and get some idea of the surroundings," he added. So saying he threw off his knapsack, and lightly ascended the tree for a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. "There is not a house in sight," he called out, and immediately came down.

"Then, let us keep on to the north; it would not be advisable to go back," was the elderly man's suggestion.

But it was now getting dark, it being a peculiarity in low latitudes that there is no twilight preceding sunset. The sun seems to blot itself out all at once and does not show an afterglow, as in higher latitudes. This was the case now, and the foliage also added to the gloom.

"It is now dark enough to enable us to see whether there is any habitation in sight, and it might be well to try the tree again," observed the Professor, so Stanwood made his way up the tree the moment the Professor suggested it.

"Yes, I can see a light to the north, and another to the right, but that seems to be a long way off," the young outlook volunteered.

"How far off do you think the light is?" asked Winfield.

"Not more than a half mile," was the answer.

After Stanwood reached the ground he affixed the knapsack, and led the way. After walking more than a mile, Winfield said: "And you

called that a half mile? It is more like *two* miles. I think I'll try the tree. Selecting one which afforded good climbing facilities, he ascended.

"Do you see it?" inquired Stanwood.

"Yes; it's only a short distance farther along.

"Good!" was the response of the Professor.

Winfield picked up his knapsack, and trudged on. A half mile; then another half mile, and still the house did not appear. "I am going to try it again," said Stanwood, as he handed Winfield the knapsack.

"No light in sight," was the unwelcome intelligence which Stanwood furnished, and he descended rather discouraged.

"Then we had better find a snug place to stay in," said the Professor. Acting on the suggestion they proceeded in a general northerly direction, and before going a hundred feet, saw dimly outlined a hut with a curious conical top which plainly showed against the sky.

Vegetation had grown up entirely around the structure, and it was too dark to distinctly ascertain its condition, but the numerous weeds and trailers were sufficient to indicate that it was not occupied.

"I have some matches here," said Winfield. "We shall soon see what kind of house they have provided for us," and so saying he struck a match, while the Professor fumbled about with his package. The light showed a building about twenty feet square, the floor of which was fully five feet from the ground, and each of the four sides

had a wide open window, but no indication of a door.

"What do you suppose this can mean?" asked Winfield.

"Ah, this is a hunting lodge," said the Professor. "Strike another match, and let us circle the building. There must be a door somewhere."

"I have it," shouted Stanwood, who, in the meantime, had made an independent investigation. He crawled up into the building, and also lighted a match, which threw its light out the four windows. Winfield had no trouble in finding his way into the building, but the Professor had some trouble. However, with the aid of the boys he was soon safely landed, and then said:

"I am always provided with a lamp which I can get out in a moment. I use this for drying specimens but it is very handy for an emergency like this;" and he drew forth a small lamp with a tiny mica chimney. This was soon lighted, and they had an opportunity to investigate the surroundings.

While this had been going on the boys had heard the crackling of twigs outside on several occasions but paid no heed to it. The Professor was too intent on getting the lamp fixed, and in finding a place to hold it, to notice any disturbance, but finally, he stopped, suddenly, and said:

"I am told that there are wild beasts in these jungles, but I was not aware that there were any as far south as this. The hunting lodge is evidence, however, that they have been here, and it is

a very fortunate thing that we have run across this shelter."

"What kind of animals are in this section?" asked Stanwood.

"The only ones we need to fear are the tigers, the variety that all the natives dread," he answered.

"Do you mean the man-eating tigers?" asked Winfield.

"Yes. I regret that I was imprudent enough to suggest this route," he said, with a tone of regret.

"Don't worry about us," said Stanwood. "We ought to be safe here and it isn't likely they will attack us during the day."

"That is the real danger," he answered. "They do attack and carry away the natives in the daytime. I refer to the danger because I am sure there is some animal outside, and for that reason I shall take out the revolver, which has always been my companion. See to it that the door is well barricaded."

"If an animal should attack us they would have no trouble in getting through the window, although they would have to spring nearly ten feet to get up to it. Do you think they could do that?" asked Stanwood.

He had hardly ceased speaking before there was a terrific dash against one side of the building. "What is that?" asked Winfield, in consternation.

"That was an animal of some kind," said the Professor. "Hold the light so it shines out of this window, and I—" the second crash interrupted

him. "Yes; that was a tiger. What a fortunate thing for us; undoubtedly we have been stalked for some time."

"Do you suppose he is trying to leap into the window?" asked Stanwood.

"Unquestionably," was the reply.

This did, indeed, begin to look serious. A hurried glance disclosed the arrangement of the lodge. The interior was provided with an inner room, while the space without this room ran around the four sides, so that the hunters were able to run from one side to the other around a sort of passageway, without going through the inner room. This inner room had a table, some shelving on one side, four bunks, two below and two above, but was absolutely bare of all bedding, or matting. Two benches completed the furnishings. A door led into this room from each end, and these doors were provided with bars on the inside, the latter locking arrangements not having been observed, however, until after the second spring of the animal.

Stanwood, who in the meantime had been holding the light, gazed into the open door of this middle room. There, littering the floor, were bones of every description, and when the Professor followed he hurriedly glanced about and noticed the fastenings.

"That," said he, pointing to the bars, "is the thing that suggests there is danger in that animal, for, sooner or later, he will succeed, and we had better take possession of this room."

The door at one end was closed, just as the third bang reached them, and a terrific scratching and clawing began. "He has caught his fore paw on the window ledge. Stand behind the door and let me get a shot, if possible," said the Professor, as he cautiously opened the door, and peered through the intervening space.

The boys were now worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and with good reason.

"He must be at the other window," shouted Winfield. The Professor moved out into the space, leveled the revolver, as he saw the great paw protruding. Before he had an opportunity to shoot the beast fell to the earth, and crashed through the brush, evidently preparing for another spring.

The Professor's prognostication was correct. This time two feet caught, and the Professor fired. The hind feet of the animal clawed desperately against the side of the building, and the second shot rang out, followed by a terrific growl, and the thump of a body on the ground.

"You have hit him, sure," cried Winfield, in intense excitement.

"I aimed for his feet. He is probably wounded. That may satisfy him for the present," remarked the Professor.

"Shall I bring out the light?" asked Stanwood, trembling with the tenseness of the situation.

"It might be well to take a look, as he is so quiet." The lamp was carried to the nearest window, and its rays shot across the weeds and under-

brush, which was violently waving, not twenty feet beyond the house.

"Back into the room as quickly as possible," shouted the Professor, and with his arm extended, ready to shoot, he backed along, but before reaching the door a huge form sprang from the waving weeds, and landed not ten feet from the open door, while the Professor discharged the revolver full into the breast of the beast.

It was a peculiar sickening roar which greeted this last shot. "I think that was a better shot," remarked the Professor, as he moved within the door, and closed it. There was not another sound, and after making themselves as comfortable as possible, they tried to get some sleep.

The excitement of the encounter prevented them from sleeping, and the least sound disturbed them, but late in the night they became more composed, and had several hours of undisturbed sleep. Before it was fully light, in the morning, the boys were up and opened the door.

The window was approached, and there the first indication of the last shot was observed. A spatter of blood had made a line across the sill, and leaning out they saw the side wall covered with crimson, but the animal was nowhere in sight.

"I suppose he was badly wounded, but they are something like the cat, very tenacious of life," said the Professor. "I am not much of a hunter, but I have been told that these animals will receive the most severe wounds, and sometimes in the vital organs, without succumbing. It may be necessary

for us to work our way from this place with the greatest caution."

The excitement of the previous night had kept the thought of food from them. They had made no preparation for an emergency of this kind, and the only thing available were a dozen of little hard cakes such as are served throughout the country, usually with tea. These are made of whole wheat, very nourishing, but in cases of this kind will not go far toward satisfying hungry stomachs.

The boys laughed at the display of the cookies, which the Professor produced from among his store. "I suppose we shall be compelled to hunt for game, or starve," said Stanwood.

"We might do worse than that," said the Professor. "But I suggest that we get away from this as soon as possible."

No urging was needed. They opened the outer door and Stanwood leaped to the ground, followed by Winfield, and in a moment more the Professor was helped down. "Now, let us make tracks due north," he said. "We must keep together, and I will keep the revolver handy for use."

Before proceeding a hundred feet, Stanwood stopped suddenly, and turning to the Professor, said: "Let me have the net. There is a dandy." The professor saw it. "Good boy; that is the finest one caught so far. But look at them. It would be too bad to lose the red ones," saying which he thrust the revolver into his pocket, and, with the assistance of the two boys, notwithstanding the apparent danger, a dozen fine flyers were

taken in and carefully deposited in the container.

The jungle did not thin out in the least. Dozens of times in the last mile they waked up some animal, and this occasioned a start and a sudden halt in each instance.

"Have many animals been found in this region?" asked Stanwood.

"Oh, yes; this region was once the great place for them, but I do not think any can be found here now. What surprises me more than anything else is the lack of snakes. So far I have seen very few," responded the professor.

"Do you think we can ever get out of this?" asked Winfield.

"Yes; we are now going northwest, and that will bring us out in time. You must understand we have just passed through the margin of the great forest and jungles. Probably ten miles east of this we should have met with a much warmer reception."

But there was one thing they did not forget, and that was the necessity for something to eat. Hungry as they were the temptation was ever present to capture the trophies which this section offered. "At this rate I shall have to make a shipment at the next station, remarked the professor, as he peered into the container. "Why, it is actually getting heavy."

It was long past noon when the first signs of clearing appeared on their right, and they heard the whistle of a locomotive, a most welcome sound

which, although miles away, seemed to say that there was something good to eat in that direction.

They were not mistaken. At about three o'clock the first native was observed, and soon a little thatched cottage, which they approached. A woman coming to the door was startled, but seeing the smiles on the faces of her visitors, and noticing the nets and the absence of firearms, she salaamed in true Oriental style.

"Can we get something to eat?" asked the Professor.

She nodded, and turned to a girl to whom an order was given. Soon a kettle was observed, and in a little while the girl appeared with a tray with the steaming kettle thereon, accompanied by three tiny cups. The tea had been placed in these cups and steaming water poured over it; the boys meanwhile sitting there and impatiently waiting for the tea to cool.

Shortly thereafter the woman appeared with two dishes, one containing two dozen peculiarly-formed cakes made in the shape of a half moon, also a platter of butter, and in the other a vegetable.

When the woman disappeared Stanwood said: "I suppose we shall have some more of their strong butter. But I know it will taste good."

The professor invited the boys to help themselves to the cakes, and to slices of the butter, which appeared to be very appetizing.

At the first bite Stanwood said in an undertone: "Hurrah; it's genuine butter!"

"And what do you suppose we have for vegetables?" asked the professor.

"They look rather familiar," said Winfield. "I was going to say sweet potatoes, but they do not seem the same as ours."

"That is just what they are. Their sweet potatoes are unlike those you have in the States, being much larger, as you see, and not nearly so sweet. That is one of the vegetables you will find all over this country."

"But what kind of cake is this?" asked Stanwood.

"Something like Scotch scones, made of oatmeal and wheat bran. It is an excellent combination."

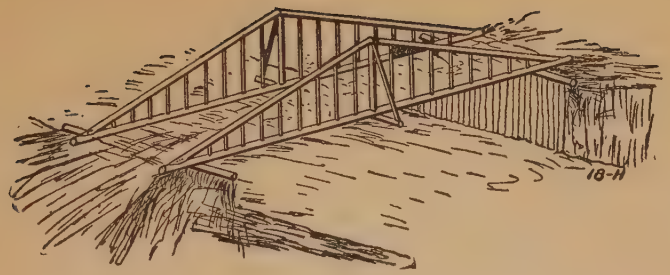
"I know it's mighty good," said Stanwood. "I wonder if she has any more left?"

He was soon satisfied on that point, for before the plate was emptied a new supply, even more generous than the first, was brought in, and the boys acknowledged this with a polite bow, which she quickly acknowledged.

When the woman returned the professor told her of their experience of the night before and she volunteered the information that two nights before one of the natives was caught by a tiger two miles below the main road and carried away, the remains of the body having been recovered only that morning.

The charge for the entire meal was one rupee, but Winfield handed her another coin of like value, as they were leaving, and requested a supply of the scones, which the boys never tired of munch-

ing until they disappeared. They were not able, in all their wanderings in India, to find another lot like that, although they found many poor imitations.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE JUNGLES OF INDIA

The second day after their experience in the jungles, while traveling along a beautiful road the party reached the environs of a pretty little town with a long name, Dharmavarum, the buildings of which could be seen across the stream. They crossed the picturesque bridge, and were soon resting in one of the little inns so plentiful throughout the country.

After the evening meal all emerged from the hotel, and crossed over the way to a bazaar in which a man was still heralding his wares. The native ox carts were standing all along the curb on both sides of the street, indicating that the country people were not yet ready to return to their homes, late though it was.

While walking along one of the streets the Professor laid his hands on the boys, and quietly requested them to observe the actions of a man who had halted on the outside of a shoemaker's stall.

He pointed to a pair of leather shoes, which the vendor was carefully depositing within reach of the buyer.

"You will notice that the man who is bargaining for the shoes is a high caste, while the shoemaker is, unquestionably, low caste. Notice how closely both watch so that there can be no contact of person." The man requested the seller to inform him of the cost, to which a certain amount was quoted.

But instead of accepting the sum asked, the prospective buyer began to haggle, and the result was a purchase at about one-half of the price originally named. The bargain having been struck the purchaser threw down a coin. It was not the correct change, so the amount extended in return had to be cast on the ground so as to purify it.

While the purchaser was picking up the coin, the seller wrapped up the shoes, and the bundle also was deposited on the ground.

"It would defile the buyer to touch the person of the seller," explained the Professor.

"Do you mean to say that it would defile him to touch the person of the shoemaker, but he could, nevertheless, wear the shoes that the man made?"

"Yes."

"What a singular belief."

"But there are things still more remarkable."

"And what can that be?"

"It extends so far that if the shadow of a low caste, or even our shadow should pass over the food of a high caste, it would make the food unclean."

Two days later, after some very interesting experiences, they reached Guntakal, where the Professor had shipped his luggage, and after remaining at a hotel that night, the boys acceded to the Professor's suggestion that they board the train for Gulbarge, that section of the Hyderabad which is regarded as the wildest and most interesting.

A run of four hours landed them at a singular town, filled with temples and curious pagodas, a sight which had now become a common one with them, so it attracted only passing attention. But here the buildings had a distinction all their own. Instead of the temples being large and imposing, they were usually small, none of them being capable of holding more than twenty or thirty people, but all were elaborately fitted up, and the woodwork carved in the most bewildering patterns.

"This is a sample how much of the wealth of India goes into the pockets of those who earn it. The priests are everywhere, and have the first pick of everything, both of the fruit of the soil, as well as the results of the labors of the skilled men and women. But how can these things be changed?" mused the Professor, as he gazed on the buildings and saw the magnificent fittings.

In the morning the Professor suggested that it would be interesting to take a two days' tramp north of the railway, and thus pass through the rugged regions which abounded between that point and Sholapur. "It is really the only part of southern India where anything like mountains may

be seen, and I am told that good specimens may be found in the ravines on the mountain sides," said the Professor with considerable show of enthusiasm.

"Then let us go by all means," agreed Winfield, for it must be admitted that both boys were now more or less fascinated with the butterfly scheme.

"This time we must take something to eat. Not that we shall get too far away from habitations, but I get very hungry, and that is one of the things which makes this work so pleasant; it gives a zest for meals." And he looked at the boys keenly for confirmation of this.

"Well, I am generally hungry, and I have been hungry every day since we left New York," said Winfield laughing.

But the suggestions about taking something along met with no opposition. "A few cups more or less wouldn't hamper us; we can make our own tea with the lamp, you know," he said.

Thus equipped, with a plentiful supply of scones, and some fruit, they launched forth, and when about a mile from the village they overtook an oxcart. The Professor looked at it for a moment, and then addressed the owner:

"How much will you charge to take us to the mountains?"

"Two rupees," he answered with a grin.

"That's cheap enough," said Winfield. "I think it will be worth it; but we may want to stop occasionally, to take in some specimens."

The Professor laughed. "I do not think he will object to that in the least." So they boarded the conveyance. It was simply a huge one horse cart; the shafts were made of bamboo poles fully four inches thick, and the wheels were solid, as they had been cut from a large log, and it was fitted with a heavy bamboo axle which turned with the wheels, but judging from the unpleasant sound it made the owner had never thought that such a thing as grease would quiet the squeaks made by the turning axle. On this primitive structure was a square box-like body, made of rattan.

A mile beyond they came to a curious scene. Banyan trees were in abundance at the low places; and at the crossing of the river, where a small swamp had formed, were numerous trees of this kind. The main tree shoots up to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and spreads out its limbs on all sides.

Then each year it will send down shoots from the extremities of the limbs, and these take root when they reach the ground, and begin to grow, like independent trees. Thus, each year, or each season, for there are two in southern India, these inverted stems are being added to, until the parent tree has thus covered hundreds of square feet, and has dozens and dozens of supports, which are parts of the tree itself.

One of these which attracted the attention of the boys, was near a small village close by the river. A short ladder, or miniature stairway had been built around the main tree, and a dozen or

more children were on top of the tree, walking around and playing on the branches.

"I must see that," said Stanwood, as he bounded across the way, followed by Winfield.

"I suppose we can go up," said Winfield.

"I am sure there would be no objection," said the professor, and together they made a visit to the top, where the young people greeted them with smiles while they made the examination. The branches had grown so closely together and intertwined themselves so firmly that they readily held up the weight of the children.

These trees are not at all uncommon in this country, and some of the same species are found in Siam, but rarely were any seen as large as this specimen. The top covered an area approximately forty-five by sixty feet, and the extreme height was about twenty-five feet.

After descending they marched across an open space toward a pretentious building, in front of which was a pair of snake charmers seated on the ground and playing peculiar instruments, while the hideous hooded cobras with heads aloft, swayed to and fro.

The boys shuddered at the sight, and as they turned away Winfield remarked: "I don't envy them their jobs."

While walking along the street they were accosted by a young white man of doubtful nationality, who addressed the Professor.

"You do not remember me," he said.

"Yes; I recall you now," answered the Profes-

sor. "You assisted me in Northern Arabia, last year; I am glad to meet you. I want to introduce my young American friends, Winfield and Stanwood."

The young man greeted them effusively. It was then learned that he was on his way to Bombay, and the Professor was much pleased to learn this. Accordingly they joined forces, and on the following day started out together, all interested in the hunt for specimens, in which pursuit the young man joined, the Professor meanwhile explaining to the boys that the newcomer was an adept in selecting and capturing specimens.

The trip to the mountains, which they reached the following day, was a most enjoyable one. The young man, named Robert Wenn, was good company, and quickly became a favorite with the boys. He was a fine singer, and always had a fund of good jokes adapted to meet any situation.

At the foot of the mountain the man with the wagon was dismissed, and the four travelers began the climb through the narrow paths that led over the crest, and to the river Tungabhadra beyond.

"I suppose it is out of the question to get shelter in the mountains," said Robert, "but a night in the open will be fine in this section."

"Do you think there are any animals in the mountains?" asked Stanwood.

"I suppose so," said Robert.

"Oh, yes," added the Professor; "the mountain lions are quite numerous, I am told, but not

particularly dangerous. However, I do not think we need anticipate any trouble in that direction, as we can readily prepare a safe place where we can easily defend ourselves during the night."

The mountains were not particularly high or impressive, nor were they rough or jagged, as the boys expected. The vegetation was as profuse at the top as on the level plains, but the trees were more numerous and much larger than were noticed anywhere theretofore in their travels through this country.

Birds, of the most brilliant plumage, were observed in myriads. They hovered around on all sides, and the singing and whistling of the different species sounded like a continuous concert. But as the party continued the ascent evidences of animals began to be noticed on all sides, and there would be occasional glimpses of them through the shrubbery.

They were now passing along what was a mere trail, having been informed that it led directly through the most accessible defiles. All of them were constantly on the alert for *specimens,* and succeeded in capturing prizes, not only of butterflies, but also of other winged insects.

This made an exciting pastime as they journeyed on, but when, toward noon, they gathered together at the mutual call of the whistles, they had lost the path.

The hunt had carried them away from the beaten track, and none of them was able to locate it, or to suggest in which direction it might be found.

At first this afforded some amusement to the party, but after an hour's quest, without success, it began to look more serious.

"I suggest," said the professor, "that a bite to eat will make us keener in the hunt for the lost path."

That was a good suggestion, so the boys sat down, opened one of the packages, the food was spread out on the ground and the feast began. They had scarcely commenced before the professor was attracted by a specially large and peculiarly-shaped butterfly. "I must have that fellow," he said, as he sprang up, grasped a net, and started for him.

Robert also darted after a similar specimen. They had hardly gone before the boys heard a twig crack behind them, the grass waved, and in another moment the head of a bear peered through the weeds.

Stanwood was the first to notice the intruder, and he quietly laid his hand on Winfield's arm, as he said:

"There is a sloth bear; one just exactly like the fellow we saw at the cave."

"Well, if that isn't the most impudent thing I ever saw," remarked Winfield, as the little fellow simply looked at them and blinked, without exhibiting the slightest fear.

"Let's frighten the life out of him," said Stanwood, rising.

The bear without approaching any nearer lazily glanced at the boys, and then at the spread before

them. "The fellow is hungry," said Winfield, as he threw one of the scones at him. The bear pounced on it and swallowed it at a gulp.

"So that's what you are here for, is it," shouted Winfield, as he made a spring for the animal. Mr. Bear concluded it was time to leave and quickly shambled along, with Winfield on the trail. The fun was too much for Stanwood, who sprinted up, and together they rushed after, on several occasions almost touching the animal.

While thus engaged in the pursuit, they crossed the trail that had vanished, an hour before, and both stopped, while bruin succeeded in effecting a disappearance. A stroll back, panting, because they were now going up the mountain side, but before reaching the lunching place they ran across the Professor, and to him they related the amusing story.

"These are the finest I have yet taken in," he said, referring to the butterflies, and entirely ignoring the exciting tale of the bear. The boys laughed at the intense absorption of the Professor, and suggested that he had better have some luncheon, and they then imparted the welcome news that the path had been discovered.

He followed the boys, and as they neared the spot they heard something moving, and the unmistakable sound of the smacking jaws of an animal in the act of eating. Winfield ran forward with a bound, threw up his hands, and shrieked.

"What is up now?" said Stanwood.

"Come and see!" answered Winfield.

Stanwood and the Professor ran forward, and there, in the most business like manner, was another bear, taking in the luncheon. Winfield's first shout didn't seem to disturb the animal, for he continued in his work and made no effort to desist until Winfield was within five feet and had picked up a small branch, to be used as a weapon. Then the animal took the hint, and shambled away.

What was left of that luncheon wasn't worth saving, and Robert was very crestfallen at the sight when he returned and saw the wreck.

They finally decided it was time to break camp, and in a few minutes were again under way up the mountains.

But the mountains were crossed and the river reached late the next night, where they put up at a small village located at a most picturesque spot on the northern bank. The following morning a walk of two miles westwardly brought them to a small village, a station on the railway line to Gulbarga, and the first train was taken for that city, distant ninety miles.

"I am told that between this place and Sholapur is the finest scenery in India, and if you boys are ready for another jaunt we might take it in," said the Professor.

All agreed to this, so the moment they left the train, they marched out along the road leading to the northwest. At six o'clock that night they crossed a bamboo bridge and walked into a village which contained a cluster of beautiful cottages, all substantially of the same size and similarly

built, excepting one, more commodious than the rest, which they soon learned was the hotel of the place.

Three rooms were secured, and as there was absolutely nothing to see in the town during the evening, the boys, as well as Robert and the Professor, retired early, as all were tired. The boys arose in the morning happy as larks, and dressed quickly. The Professor was up much earlier arranging his finds of the previous day, but was ready for breakfast when the boys announced themselves.

"Get Robert and I will be with you," he said. Winfield knocked at Robert's door, but there was no response. He turned away. "I suppose he is out somewhere," he said. Something seemed to impel him to open the door, however. The room was empty, and the bed had not been used.

Winfield reported the matter to the Professor.

"That is strange. I know Robert went in at the same time I did. Ask,—"

"What has become of my purse?" cried out Stanwood, as he ran into the room. "Your purse!" said Winfield, and he involuntarily put his hand to his side pocket. "And what has become of mine?" he said with a troubled look.

A search was instituted, and the Professor made inquiries about the departure of Robert. No one had seen him. The two boys were absolutely denuded of every dollar, and both purses had disappeared, containing letters of instructions of Mr. Walker, the U. S. Consul at Bangkok, as well as

their own private letters, and the copy of their contract with Mr. Castleton.

The Professor returned to his room to make an examination of his own effects. Fortunately, the thief had saved him, but the boys were now in a peculiar plight. "While this is very annoying," said the Professor, "I do not think you should worry about it. I have sufficient funds to take you to Bombay, and I feel that I should carry you there in any event, because it was through me that you were induced to take this trip."

The boys thanked him for his proffered help and suggested that they would like to start without delay. The Professor, however, insisted that their first duty would be to inform the police, and furnish a description of the culprit, for they now felt sure that Robert was the thief. It was learned that late in the night a train had passed toward Bombay; but that no train had gone in the other direction, so information was sent to all the stations along the line, and as nothing more could be done they waited for the morning train to Bombay.

The Professor insisted on accompanying them, and together they boarded the train with sad hearts for they regretted the loss of their papers almost as much as the money. Bombay was reached in the evening and after the Professor had them installed in a comfortable hotel, which he always made his headquarters while in that city, he immediately thereafter communicated with the police, in the effort to apprehend the thief.

When they arose the following morning Winfield said: "Well, here we are, stranded. Now, what shall be the next step?"

Stanwood was silent. He was thinking. Finally, he said: "Do you remember what Mr. Walker, the Consul, said?"

Winfield's eyes began to open, and his face assumed a smile as he replied: "I had forgotten about that. Let us write to him now."

The letter was written and posted at once. To reach Bangkok would take six days, and as much more to return. In the meantime, with no funds, they started out to find employment of some kind, and two days thereafter Winfield had the promise of a position with one of the steamship companies at wages which would at least keep them from starving until a response should be received to their communication.

The further adventures of the boys will be detailed in the volume entitled "From Bombay to the War Zone."